National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment--Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors

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Selections.

The article which we copy below from the *Boston Transcript* is attributed to Mr. Lucius Manlius Sargent, a worthy gentleman of Boston, well known in former years for some excellent Temperance Tales, but conspicuous of late only for piety and pugilism. He is a distinguished member of St. Paul's Church, and always successful in street-fights. We copy also from *The Liberator* Mr. Garrison's rejoinder.

From the Boston Transcript.

BLASPHEMY.

'If any person shall wilfully blaspheme the holy name of God, by denying, cursing, or contumeliously reproaching God, his creation, government, or final judging of the world, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching Jesus Christ, or the Holy Ghost, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching the Holy Word of God, contained in the Holy Scriptures, *or exposing them to contempt and ridicule*, he shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison, not more than two years, or in the county jail, not more than one year, or by fine, not exceeding three hundred dollars, and may also be bound to good behavior.'—Mass. Revised Statutes, chapter 130, section 15.

The words printed in Italics are so printed for the special edification of Mr. Garrison, and are particularly applicable to his late blasphemy, in New York, as reported in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, May 10. It need not be stated that our jurisdiction goes not beyond our own confines. But it is well known, that Mr. Garrison has, again and again, upon various public occasions, discharged upon the community the very same impudent and disgusting blasphemy, within this Commonwealth; and the time seems to have come, when the good people of the State are forgetting, for a time, the furious and frantic abolition of Mr. Garrison, in his audacious and abominable blasphemy.

When Abner Kneeland disturbed the peace of the Commonwealth, there was an opinion, which prevailed, to some extent, for a time, that bad matters would be made worse by interference, and that he had better be let alone. Well: he *was* let alone, till patience had had its perfect work; and what was the result? The attendance upon the orgies of that grey-headed disorganiser increased from night to night. The entire inaction of the law was mistaken for conscious imbecility. The vicious, and the careless, and the curious, continually added to the numbers, who, at length, began to throng these assemblies. Night after night, this pestilent fellow performed his infernal antics; and denounced the Bible, and, taking out his watch, challenged the Almighty to take his life, and gave him five minutes for the trial.

Notwithstanding the very strong impression that *legal interference* would increase the number of his followers, his case finally came before the Grand Jury. He published a paper; and, in that paper, he printed a translation of Voltaire's grossly indecent article on the incarnation. He was indicted, convicted, and sentenced, quite mildly, by Judge Thacher, to three months' imprisonment, in the county jail; with an intimation that a second offence would be very differently dealt with.

The effect was all that could be desired, by the friends of law and order. To be sure, some persons according to custom, circulated a petition for pardon, among whose names I regretted to find that of the late Rev. Dr. Channing. But this petition produced no change in the sentiments of Gov. Everett. Kneeland served out his time, and slunk away into pitiful obscurity—his assemblies were dissolved—his followers were scattered.

I can never be a juryman to try Mr. Garrison for blasphemy, for I have deliberately formed an opinion. I have no doubt that he is guilty of blasphemy under the statute of this Commonwealth, and, as a citizen desirous of employing all reasonable means for the preservation of the peace and dignity of the State, I should be pleased, upon a repetition of his offence, to find the Grand Inquest performing a very simple and intelligible duty.

I have the highest respect for the right of private opinion, and for the decent and orderly expression of that opinion, upon all occasions, so far as may be consistent with the Constitution and laws under which we live. But it is impossible to look upon men, especially men of education, who make it the principal part of the business of their lives to play the part of theoretical traitors, at least—to lay the foundation of anarchy, by calling on the people to trample on the Constitution of the United States, and to involve the country in all the horrors of the first French revolution, by stimulating the mass to scout and despise the religion of their fathers, and treat the word of God with contempt—it is impossible, I say, to contemplate the outrageous conduct of such men, without a sentiment of unmingled disgust and indignation.

The results of Lord George Gordon's agitation in 1780 are familiar to all readers of English history. It may not be wholly unedifying to the mischievous leaders upon such occasions—men, who, professing to be non-combatants—men of peace—assail the Constitution and the religion of their fathers with the fury of madmen; and, when they have stimulated the passions of the people to practical resentment of the wrong and insult, run off, by the back stairs, and call for the protection of those laws, whose very foundations—the Constitution and religion—they have sought to annihilate—it may not be wholly unedifying, I say, to these pestilent fellows, to turn to the Annual Register for 1780, and read a brief and significant passage, on page 258; 'Gen. Conway and several other members expostulated with him [Lord George, when the mob he had occasioned surrounded the house] on the mischiefs that might arise from such conduct; and Col. Gordon, a near relative of his lordship's, went up to him, and accosted him in the following manner: 'My Lord George, do you intend to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, the first man of them that enters, I will plunge my sword, not into his body, but into yours."

Whenever the time shall arrive, and these *bad citizens* shall have stirred up the country to civil and a servile war, men may be found, who, like Col. Gordon, believe that woe is, first of all, for those, by whom the offence has come.

Nothing can be more desirable than the maintenance of the liberty of speech—but *liberty* is not *licentiousness*. He who will, may disapprove of the architecture of some great public structure—this is a different affair from gathering numerous assemblies, and working up the passions of the people, till they deem it meet and right to raze it to the ground. SIGMA.

From The Liberator.

REPLY TO THE 'BLASPHEMOUS' CHARGE OF A FALSE ACCUSER.

'And, behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, This man blasphemeth.'—*Matt. ix*, 3.

'Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy: what further need have we of witnesses? Behold now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye? They answered and said, He is guilty of death.'—*Matt. xxvi.* 65, 66.

To the Editor of the Boston Transcript:

Sir,—Of the numberless public misrepresentations which are made of my sentiments and purposes, either through ignorance or malicinity, it is very seldom I am induced to take the slightest notice. The pages of *The Liberator*, for the last nineteen years, bear witness, that I have voluntarily published hundreds of columns of the most defamatory matter against myself personally, without uttering a word in self defence; so conscious have I been of the rectitude of my course, and the purity of my intentions. But I am moved to depart from my usual habit, in such cases, by a communication which appeared in the *Transcript* of Tuesday, under the signature of 'Sigma'; first, because the author of it claims to be a gentleman and a Christian—on what grounds I know not; and, secondly, because his attack is made in connection with a speech recently delivered by me in New York, which has been wickedly perverted or stupidly misapprehended in various quarters.

'Sigma' is so certain that I am 'guilty of blasphemy, under the statute of this Commonwealth,' that he magnanimously declares himself to be incapacitated, alas! as a juryman to try me on that indictment. He says, 'it is well known (!) that Mr. Garrison has, again and again, upon various public occasions, discharged upon the community impudent and disgusting blasphemy';—and, again, 'the good people of the State are forgetting, for a time, the furious and frantic abolition of Mr. Garrison, in his audacious and abominable blasphemy.' He quotes, for my admonition, the following section in the Revised Statutes of Massachusetts, printing in Italics the passage which he deems applicable to my particular transgression:

'If any person shall wilfully blaspheme the holy name of God, by denying, cursing, or contumeliously reproaching God, his creation, government, or final judging of the world, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching Jesus Christ, or the Holy Ghost, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching the Holy Word of God, contained in the Holy Scriptures, *or exposing them to contempt and ridicule*, he shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison, not more than two years, or in the county jail, not more than one year, or by fine, not exceeding three hundred dollars, and may also be bound to good behavior.'—*Mass. Revised Statutes, Chap.* 130, *Sec.* 15.

Under this section, 'Sigma' says he shall be pleased, on a repetition of my offence, 'to find the Grand Inquest performing a very simple and intelligible duty'!

Now, Mr. Editor, like Paul, when 'the Jews laid many and grievous complaints against him,' I say—'I have done no wrong; but if I be an offender, or have committed any thing worthy death, I refuse not to die.' At any moment I am ready for the trial, whether before Cæsar or 'the Grand Inquest.'

This charge of 'blasphemy' is as old as religious persecution, and has been the pretext for bigots and formalists, in all ages, for consigning to the prison or the stake, the purest and best spirits of their times. The prophets were blasphemers—Jesus and his apostles were blasphemers—Wickliffe, and Huss, and Luther were blasphemers. In all those instances it meant,—as it now means,—the arraignment and condemnation of the leaders of the people,—the prophets that prophesy falsely, and the priests that bear rule by their means; the impeachment of the popular religion as hollow, polluted, oppressive, inhuman, murderous; disgust at the offering of incense, the observance of the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, the gathering of solemn meetings, the appointment of feasts, the multiplication of fastings and prayers, while 'none calleth for justice, nor any pleadeth for truth: the act of violence is in their hands; their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood; and *he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey*' In this sense, and to this extent, I am a blasphemer; in such company I am not ashamed to be found. 'If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call those of his household? It is enough for the disciple that he is as his master, and the servant as his lord'

'Sigma' is an adept in the use of opprobrious epithets; but, one thing the readers of his libellous article will do me the justice to remember, and that is, *he does not quote a single sentence or word from my lips to sustain his 'blasphemous' allegation.* For more than twenty years, I have been before the public as an editor and a lecturer; and during all that time, I challenge 'Sigma' to produce any thing from my pen or lips irreverent toward God, derogatory to the character of Jesus, or hostile to pure and undefiled religion. What crime have I winked at, what popular iniquity shrunk from rebuking, what cross refused to bear, what peril avoided, what sacrifice in the cause of down-trodden humanity been unwilling to make? Has not my life been devoted to the promotion of all that is pure, lovely, beneficent, and Christ-like? And is it to my shame, or to my praise, that I have fiercely arrayed against me all that is profligate, brutal, profane lawless and tyrannical, on the one hand—and all that is cowardly, time-serving, bigoted and hypocritical on the other? I am feared, execrated, anathematized, threatened by those who 'trade in slaves and souls of men'—who insult, degrade and trample upon the image of God—who systematically violate every command in the Decalogue, and every precept in the Gospel:—is this an evidence of my impiety? They have set a price upon my head:—does that prove my recreancy to the cause of liberty? I am trusted, beloved, honored, blessed by the oppressed, the forsaken, those who are 'peeled meted out, and trodden under foot':—does this indicate that I am a dangerous member of society. The patient, tender-hearted, yet persecuted Job deemed it good evidence of his acceptance with God, that he espoused the cause of the oppressed, and succored the perishing: 'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not, I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth.' But what was his treatment at the hands of others? 'He teareth me in his wrath, who hateth me; he gnasheth upon me with his teeth; mine enemy sharpeneth his eyes upon me. They have gaped upon me with their mouth: they have smitten me upon the cheek reproachfully; they have gathered themselves together against me, but not for any injustice in my hands. Behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high.'

'Sigma' refers to my 'late blasphemy at New York,' but makes no quotation. My speech moves his choler, and stirs within him a holy rage surpassed only by that which was expressed by that notorious profligate and rioter, 'Capt. Isaiah Rynders,' who, with his nefarious confederates, day after day invaded the Anti-Slavery meetings in New York, uttering impreations and threats against the non-resisting friends of the slave, and behaving in the most beastly manner.

'Rynders,' says the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, 'seemed to be in a violent passion; probably his feelings were much wounded at hearing Daniel Webster and the *Christian religion* treated with evident disrespect!!!' The patron and representative of the brothels, rum-holes and gambling hells of the 'Five Points,' side by side with 'Sigma,' rushing in furious haste to the rescue of the Christian religion and 'our glorious Union!!' *Par nobile fratrum!*

What shall be said of the fairness or honor of the man, who takes a garbled report of a speech from a paper intensely hostile to the speaker, and, assuming it to be authentic, makes it the occasion of scattering in this community the most unjust and inflammatory comments upon it? Is this doing as he would be done by? Can anything be more despicable? What I said at New York was comprehensively this—that the popular tests of piety, in this nation, were of no significance, and proved nothing of love to God or man, because the offence of the cross has ceased, and it is everywhere safe and reputable to embrace them. Is this 'blasphemy,' or the utterance of an undeniable fact? I said that a profession of faith in Jesus now costs nothing; for his praises are everywhere sung and his deeds are everywhere lauded,—by none more loudly than by those who enslave and imbrute their fellow men; and, therefore, this is no longer a true test of piety. Can this be truthfully denied? Finally, I declared my belief in a Jesus who redeems, not enslaves; who binds up the broken-hearted, not crushes the weak; who goes for proclaiming liberty throughout all the land, not for perpetuating human thraldom—the Jesus who lived and suffered eighteen hundred years ago. Was that an impious sentiment? Had I not been riotously interrupted, my design was to have shown how striking has been the analogy between the Anti-Slavery movement in the United States, and the promulgation of primitive Christianity in Judea—both experiencing essentially the same treatment, despised and rejected of men, hooted by the rabble, denounced by the Scribes and Pharisees, persecuted by the rulers; their advocates accused of being 'pestilent and seditious fellows, seeking to turn the world upside down,' 'the filth of the earth and the offscouring of all things'—scourged, imprisoned, and in some instances put to an ignominious death,—accused of blasphemy,—'in perils of robbers, in perils by their own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils among false brethren,'—approving themselves 'as ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults,' 'by evil and good report, as deceivers and yet true, as unknown and yet well known, as sorrowful yet always rejoicing, as chastened and not killed, as always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life of Jesus might be made manifest in their mortal flesh.'

From time to time old things pass away—all things become new. While, in this age and country, the recognition of Jesus, as the Messiah, subjects no one to shame, reproach or peril, eighteen centuries ago, in Judea, it cost everything; and Jesus himself was crucified as an impostor and blasphemer. And still, in the person of the slave, is he despised, rejected.

'The cycles with their long shadows have stalked silently forward
Since those ancient days; many a pouch enwrapping meanwhile
Its fee, like that paid for the Son of Mary.

Look forth, Deliverer,
Look forth, First Born of the Dead,
Over the tree-tops of Paradise!
See thyself in yet continued bonds;
Toilsome and poor, thou bearest man's form again;
Thou art reviled, scourged, put into prison;
Hunted from the arrogant equality of the rest;
With staves and swords throng the willing servants of authority;
Again they surround thee, mad with devilish spite—
Toward thee stretch the hands of a multitude, like vultures' talons;
The meanest spit in thy face—they smite thee with their palms;
Bruised, bloody and pinioned is thy body,
More sorrowful than death is thy soul.
Witness of Anguish—Brother of Slaves.
Not with thy price closed the price of thine image;
And still Iscariot plies his trade.'

What 'Sigma' means, by referring me to that portion of the Statute which relates to 'exposing the Holy Scriptures to contempt and ridicule,' I know not; but this I know, that, for twenty years, I have been vindicating the Bible from the foul charge of sanctioning the enslavement of a portion of the human race: and if this is to expose it to 'contempt and ridicule,' I must submit to the imputation without a murmur.

The episodes of 'Sigma' about Abner Kneeland and Lord George Gordon must be left without comment, as this communication is already somewhat extended. Its insertion in the *Transcript* I ask as a matter of simple justice

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, May 17, 1850.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

Were we so disposed we might fill this No. of the *Standard* as we have, for the most part, the two last numbers, with extracts from Northern papers which either openly justify the late riots, or, while they condemn mobs, minister to the pro-slavery prejudices which call them into action. But we have seen enough of this spirit, and proceed now to make a few extracts of such papers as take a different view of the matter.

From the (Cincinnati) Nonpariel and Herald.

RIOT—FREE SPEECH.

For the first time in fifteen years an Anti-Slavery Convention in New York City has been broken up by a mob. The American Anti-Slavery Society commenced its annual session in that city a week ago yesterday, and on the following day it was forced to adjourn without day because of the impossibility to be heard on account of the noise of the rabble who filled the house with the determination to break up the meeting. The mob was led on by one Captain Rynders, a man of some talent, but a genuine rowdy.

Hisses, groans, profanity, and every conceivable species of blackguard were employed by the mob to drown the voices of the speakers and prevent the action of the Convention. The house was a perfect pandemonium, in which everything infamous and horrid that could proceed from the mouth was heard. No respect was observed by the mob for the ladies, even, who attended the Convention in considerable numbers, and the more timid of them were compelled to retire.

It matters not for what purpose the Convention was assembled. Enough, that a large number of able and influential men and women from all sections of the country had met for the purpose of expressing their views. It matters not what subject had called them together. Enough that they had opinions of their own which they wished to promulgate. In this country, one of our cardinal principles of freedom is the right of free thought and free speech, and our laws, if enforced, will guaranty this right. But in spite of the law, in defiance of the democracy of our professions, in total violation of the second great doctrine of liberty, a ruthless mob was permitted in New York to break up a large Convention! There was legal power enough in that city, but the men who were appointed to execute the law were false to their trusts—they so far despised the the right of free speech as to look on and laugh while the mob insulted and broke up the Convention!

Where were the *men* of New York? Where were the judges and influential lawyers who *ought* to understand our laws and breathe the spirit of our institutions? Where were they? And why did they not go and protect that meeting? Their silence and inaction while one of the grossest outrages that can be committed was continuing for two days, proved that they had no respect for free thought and free speech. Every man or body of men has a right to speak at all times and in all places when and where they choose to meet for that purpose, what they believe to be true, being responsible for the abuse of that right. No matter how much they disagree with us in opinion, we have no right to interrupt them—and if we do, we make ourselves blackguards, knaves and traitors.

But what renders this case in New York more aggravated, is the fact that the Convention was a perfectly free meeting; all were permitted to express their views, and frequently were the leaders of the mob invited to the platform to speak—and they were promised, as far as the Convention was concerned, a peaceable hearing. Yet no one stepped forth; but all continued their uproar, insensible to the generosity of those they abused! Where we ask again, were the chief citizens of New York who had any respect for human liberty or for the honor of the great emporium of the Republic?

This was a Convention of Garrisonian Abolitionists, and some will doubtless say it was good enough for them—they ought to be mobbed! But hold, kind friend. You don't believe in the course of Garrison and his co-laborers—neither do we; but we have respect to freedom, free thought and free speech; and if the devil should rise from hell and begin to preach his infernal diabolism, we should say to all, let him preach to those who will hear him, and let those who disbelieve in his name and desire, not to hear keep away. Free speech is the thing, and if we do not guaranty it to others we have no certainty that we shall be protected in its enjoyment ourselves. It was as outrageous to mob the Garrisonians as it would be to enter the holiest church in the land on the Lord's day and break up the meeting.

After being compelled to adjourn, a few met in a private room and adopted some stinging resolutions with regard to the mob, appointed the annual officers and closed the Convention.

From the Mowhawk Times.

MOB LAW IN NEW YORK.

The annual meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held at the Tabernacle on Tuesday, and at Library Hall on Wednesday last, were grossly disturbed and finally broken up by a notorious brawler and ruffian named Isaiah Rynders, and a gang of loafers and vagabonds who followed at his heels. The meetings were largely attended by intelligent, respectable people of both sexes; Mr. Garrison, Editor of *The Liberator*, presided; and the speakers were Mr. G., Dr. Furness, Frederick Douglass, Samuel R. Ward, Wendell Phillips, Henry Grew, and C. C. Burleigh.

On Tuesday, the Rynders party being invited to take their turn as speakers on the platform, could not decently refuse, and so failed to make as much disturbance as they intended; but, being thoroughly worsted in argument by S. R. Ward and F. Douglass, whose claims to belong to the human race had been gravely questioned, (!) the mobocrats appeared in full force on Wednesday, and by their riotous behavior succeeded in throwing everything into confusion—insomuch that the meeting was dispersed and the house closed by the authroities.

This infamous outrage on the freedom of speech was chiefly instigated by that pink of decency and truth, *Bennett's Herald*, (one of the meanest panders of the Slave Power,) and its twin-brother the *New York Globe*.

But we trust the city authorities will not escape their full share of responsibility for tamely permitting the outrage.

From the Niagara Cataract.

MOB VIOLENCE.

On the occasion of the recent anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society at New York, their place of meeting was visited by a gang of miscreants and their meeting broken up in a row.

The causes which led to this disgraceful scene are thus detailed in the New York papers:

Mr. Daniel Webster in his speech to his Boston "retainers" declared, "Neither you nor I shall see "the legislation of the country return to its old "harmonious way, until the discussions in Congress "*and out of Congress*, upon the subject *are in "some way suppressed.*"

Following out the advice of Mr. Webster, the *New York Herald* repeatedly, since the delivery of the above, called upon the merchants and business men of New York to prevent the Abolitionists from desecrating the city by their preachings.

The N. Y. *Globe*, which appears to be laboring for an infamous notoriety, and willing to secure it by any depth of degradation, also held such language as the following:

"No public building, no, not even the streets, must be desecrated by such a proposed assemblage of traitors. * * * *

"If this Douglass shall re-proclaim his Syracuse treason here, and any man shall arrest him in his diabolical career and not injure him, thousands will exclaim in language of patriotic love for the Constitution and the rights of the South, "DID HE NOT STRIKE THE VILLAIN DEAD."

Under such promptings as these, a mob took possession of the Tabernacle and broke up in a row the meeting assembled on the occasion.

With the opinions of Mr Garrison, we have nothing to do, but we do believe in the rights of citizens peaceably to assemble and discuss the questions of the day. We also believe that Mr. Garrison has as much right to declare the Union dissolved or that it should be dissolved as Senator Foote, or any other bravado from the South on the floor of Congress. The difference in the two cases is that one speaks officially of a large portion of the Union, while the other speaks an individual opinion, and yet papers which are ready to incite a mob in the latter case, are found sustaining the course of the former under the head of pure Democracy.

From the Cayuga Chief.

RUFFIANISM,

Has been once more triumphant in the city of New York. The holding of the Anti-Slavery Anniversary, has been made an occasion for a demonstration of rowdyism which makes our cheeks tingle with shame. The meeting was broken up at the Tabernacle,—again followed to the Merchants' Library, and broken up there, by oaths, and yells and hootings, as if hell itself had disgorged its meanest to rule for the hour. Such scenes, too fearfully frequent in the history of the past few years, have harrowed the feelings of the proud spirited American and good citizen, and done much to disgrace us abroad. And it is all done in the name of "Democracy," for the "Constitution," and against "fanaticism." A rowdy in the United States Senate plays the ruffian—the same kidney in New York, equally devoted to the slave interest, stands upon the same level. *Isaiah Rynders*, the ruffian chief of the Empire Club, headed the mob at the Tabernacle. Had justice been done, we firmly believe he would have grown grey and died in the penitentiary, if not upon the gallows. The Police of New York ought to be whaled out of office with their own bludgeons. It is folly to talk about free thought, free speech, free presses, where mob law reigns. Such outrages will do more to nerve the opposition of Northern Freemen against the old curse at the South than a thousand lectures. It grinds us to think that such things must be submitted to.

From the Albany Atlas.

THE TRUE CONSERVATORS OF PUBLIC ORDER.

We have quoted from different newspapers in New York, comments and reflections upon the recent riot in that city, enough to show that the following pleasant sketch of Goldsmith has not lost its truth or applicability, by the lapse of a century or the change of scene:

"A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue, which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his prison, a porter who had stopped to rest his burthen, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. "For my part," cries the prisoner, "the greatest of my apprehensions is for our freedom; if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives; of that the French shall never deprive us; it is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer." "Ay, slaves," cries the porter, "they are all slaves, fit only to carry burthens, every one of them. Before I would stoop to Slavery, may this be my poison, (and he held the goblet in his hand,) may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a soldier.

"The soldier, taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe fervently cried out, "It is not so much our liberties as our religion that would suffer by such a change; aye, our religion, my lads. May the evil sink me into flames" (such was the solemnity of his adjuration,) "if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone." So saying, instead of a libation, he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion."

"If these Abolitionists are permitted to talk, what is to become of property?" cries the N. Y. *Globe*, which lives upon half-extorted alms. "What is to become of our precious liberties?" whispers Ned Buntline through his prison-bars, at Blackwell. "What troubles me, is, what is to become of our nationality?" cries the Exile-Felon, No. 1. "These things are of little importance," exclaims the *Herald*, *Courier*, and *Commercial Advertiser*, and Captain Rynders, with a mixed chorus of oath and prayer. "But what, oh, what is to become of the Bible—of the Church—of Christianity—of our blessed religion!"

From the Syracuse (N. Y.) Star.

RUFFIANISM IN NEW YORK.

We give, at length, the disgraceful proceedings at the anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New York. Such a brutal outrage is without a parallel, and the whole American press should raise a voice in condemnation of the fiendish spirit that has thus trampled upon the rights of society and forbidden the freedom of speech upon national questions. To the Satanic press of New York city belongs the chief honor of these disgusting scenes; and those papers that incited the riot ought to be made to feel the weight of public opinion and learn that the rights of societies and individuals are not to be so grossly insulted by a set of scoundrels, pickpockets and thieves, the very dregs and filth of Five Points. The city has been disgraced, and gained the reputation of being the very centre of a Slavery of the vilest character. And upon the city authorities a large portion of the blame should be placed. Such impotence and weakness, such gross pandering to the mob spirit should brand them with lasting infamy. Matters have arrived at a strange point, if there is no law or power by which a peaceable meeting of American citizens, can be protected from violence, insult and outrage. The Mayor of New York, when requested to put a stop to the riot, coolly replied that he had no power to protect such meetings. If he possesses the power of protecting a private individual in the peaceable enjoyment of his home, he certainly has the same power to protect a society that assembles (in a building hired for the purpose) to transact business and discuss questions of interest to its members.

The Anti-Slavery cause can never be put down by such arguments, and the pro-slavery sycophants only show their weakness when they resort to such measures.

From the (Mass.) Old Colony Reporter.

THE HARVEST OF TREACHERY.

The recent wind-sowings of Northern Statesmen have brought forth their fruit with a celebrity that must be even more gratifying to their Southern masters than it is fearful and appalling to all who consider wisely the aspect and tendencies of the time. No prophetic gift was requisite to divine that the lofty rhetorical demonstrations, in behalf of oppression, which the nation has recently witnessed, would be speedily followed by responses, couched in all the varieties of tone and utterance which mark the descending ranks, from the accomplished statesmen at Washington, down to the humblest admirers who fire their patriotism with Gin and Whiskey "and astonish the world" in the region of the "Black Sea," or the yet more renowned perlieus of the "Five Points."

That the speech of Mr. Webster would be followed by a twaddling testimonial of approval from the respectability of Boston—a sort of decent, grave, and withal pious cloak for Satanic thoughts, was in the minds of all, conversant with the parties, a settled fact at the appearance of the speech. And it was equally evident to all who thought of the subject at all, that it would be followed by other testimonials—testimonials perhaps which the receivers might not be anxious to blazen abroad, nay, might rather wish to conceal, but which nevertheles would constitute the most striking tribute to their power and influence.

After *their* fashion the mushroom aristocracy have responded to Daniel Webster, and after *their* fashion the mob are responding in a more expressive manner [illegible] of that pious cant with which men do seek to "*sugar over the devil*," from the latter that awful display of every fiendish passion let loose, a Slavery-loving and liberty-hating mob.

To speak without a parable, if we would find the source of the late shameful outrage in city of New York by which the American Anti-Slavery Society were driven from their hall, we must go behind not only the miserable actors, but the venal pandering Presses whose instigations they were ostensibly following, to those mighty men and that man whose efforts have rolled backward the tide of feeling which has kept them in restraint. Let Daniel Webster comfort himself. His great example and powerful voice have moved the *Herald* and the *Globe*, and these have stirred up the populace to mob the *fanatics*. It is a compromising commencement—let him be encouraged. W.

From the Albany Atlas.

SUPPRESSING DISCUSSION IN CONGRESS AND OUT OF CONGRESS.

Mr. Daniel Webster in his speech to his Boston "retainers" declared, "Neither you nor I shall "see the legislation of the country return to its old "harmonious way, until the discussions in Congress "*and out of Congress*, upon the subject *are in some "way suppressed.*"

The *N. Y. Herald*, the eulogist of the Great Eastern Orator, has repeatedly since the delivery of the above, called upon the merchants and business men of New York to prevent the Abolitionists from desecrating the city by their preachings, and advised these citizens to go and vote them down.

The *N. Y. Globe*, a subsidized concern, also the eulogist of Webster, and which so much needs notoriety as to be glad to purchase it with infamy, going father, held the following language:

No public building, no, not even the streets, must be desecrated by such a proposed assemblage of traitors.

If this Douglass shall re-proclaim his Syracuse treason here, and any man shall arrest him in his diabolical career and not injure him, thousands will exclaim in language of patriotic love for the Constitution and the rights of the South, "DID HE NOT STRIKE THE VILLAIN DEAD"

Under these incitements a mob was gathered to the Tabernacle on Monday. The building was nearly filled with intelligent and respectable women and men, attending the anniversary of the Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. Garrison made a speech in his accustomed style, deriding "the worn out subtleties of old theology," and denouncing all the churches, and pretty nearly all the world, as active or passive instruments of licentiousness, war and fraud. As the church was, he proceeded to say, so was the State. All were in favor of enslaving men, from the President down. Hereupon, Capt. Isaiah Rynders, in the gallery, who had before signified his disapprobation of the disrespectful mention of the church, broke out into protestations that "he would not hear his country abused," and that "he was a native born American, and that he would not allow the President of the nation to be called names." Mr. Garrison tried to proceed, but the cheering, cat-calls and whistles, drowned all hearing for a time.

The gang, some 50 or 60 in number, then took possession of the platform and held it for ten minutes amidst curses and uproar—stopping the proceedings. They afterwards left with cheers.

The *Evening Post* asks, "where is the police?" Where, let us add, were the higher authorities of the city, the mayor and sheriff? They had notice of the intended violence. Do they wish disorder to ripen by impunity till the extremity makes violence necessary, and a street massacre must be resorted to, to maintain the peace? Or do they believe that a peculiar style of theatrical amusements is to be sustained by armed force, and the peaceable assemblages of citizens for discussion abandoned to violence?

Or do they, in fine, conclude with Mr. Webster, that the discussion of the subject in Congress or out of Congress must be in some way suppressed.

From the (Hamilton) Madison County Journal.

THE RIOT IN NEW YORK.

In another column will be found a report of the recent disgraceful proceedings in the city of New York, which will be read with the deepest sorrow by every friend of Freedom and of Law. Free Speech has been borne down by brute force, *and the civil authorities* have neglected to protect peaceable citizens in the enjoyment of one of their inalienable and most sacred rights. The members of the Anti-Slavery Society, whatever may be our opinions of their peculiar views, are men whose earnestness of purpose, whose life-long and self-sacrificing devotion to the Cause of Human Freedom we must respect. It is a sad day for Freedom, when in the capital, she is scoffed at and trampled under foot, and in our cities her sons are hunted down, and 'stoned in the market-place.' But the cup which the North must drink is not yet full. Perhaps it will not be until the fetters are upon our own limbs, that we shall perceive the brink of degradation upon which we are now standing.

From the New-Englander.

NEW YORK AND ITS REPRESENTATIVES.

The people of this great city annually indulge in the amusement of what they call a city government, but as far as doing anything for the government of the city is concerned it is all a sham. New York for some time has been under the control of a Mayor, whose will is law and whose slightest command overrides the whole city police. This acting Mayor is no less a person than *Captain Isaiah Rynders*, formerly President of the "Empire Club," at present commander-in-chief of all the volcanic force of the city. If the gallant captain wills it that a meeting should be held, all will be quiet; but if his tastes and wishes happen to be offended by the proposed meeting, woe unto its projectors and all concerned.

We were forcibly struck with this fact, during the past week, when the American Anti-Slavery Society attempted to hold a meeting there, and were forced to precipitately adjourn through the violence of this patriot and Christian, as he professes to be. With the particular course that society chooses to follow we have nothing to do, but we do contend for their right to discuss their mode of action,—the more especially as they will allow a free platform to those who differ from them. But Captain Rynders, whose *forte* is not in words, professing an ardent devotion for the religious institutions of the country and unbounded love for the constitution, puts himself forward as the defender of both, and stops the proceedings of a meeting which proposes to discuss matters appertaining to both these.

Fortunate New York!—fortunate country!—blessed age!—which possesses such a patriot and philanthropist—who holds himself in readiness to protect interest which the law has apparently neglected, to uphold rights the true defenders of which are otherwise engaged. Like the heroes of the revolution he leaves his business at the call of duty, (we regret we do not know what his business is,) and summoning other and well-tried patriots like himself, whose faces bear the marks of many a well-fought battle, throws himself into the breach, and disdaining all argument, inspired with a zeal that can always be found at three cents a glass, proceeds to show the country and the world that the great institutions of the country are safe, and that one man is "faithful amid the faithless found"!

From the Williamsburgh Times.

☞ Rynders and his party again succeeded in breaking up the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society yesterday. The Society afterwards met at the Sailors' Home, drafted a series of resolutions which expressed their feelings of the shameful manner in which they had been treated, elected officers for the ensuing year and adjourned. The authorities of New York with a police establishment that costs over a half million of dollars per year, are unable to guarantee freedom of speech and protection from mob violence to unoffending citizens.

From the Onondaga Standard.

MOBOCRACY IN NEW YORK.

LAWLESS AND DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS.

We learn from the New York papers, that repeated and successful attempts have been made by a mob to break up the anniversary meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society appointed to be held in that city during the present week. The first act of violence was committed on Monday. Soon after the assembling of the Society—the meeting being held at the Tabernacle,—and while W. L. Garrison was speaking in his accustomed style, deriding the 'worn out subtleties of the old theology,' and denouncing at the world and 'the rest of mankind,' as active or passive instruments of licentiousness, war and fraud. Captain Isaiah Rynders, in the gallery, broke out into protestations that 'he would not hear his country abused,' and that 'he was a native born American, and that he would not allow the President of the nation to be called names.' Mr. Garrison tried to proceed, but the cheering, cat calls and whistles drowned all hearing for a time.

The gang, some 50 or 60 in number, then took possession of the platform and held it for ten minutes amidst curses and uproar—stopping the proceedings. They afterwards left with cheers.

On Tuesday, the Society again assembled and were again dispersed by the mob, under the lead of the notorious Rynders, when the authorities in order to preserve the peace, (a queer way to do that,) ordered the building closed with lock and key.

These scandalous proceedings are the fruit of the appeals made first by Daniel Webster, and reiterated by the *New York Globe* and *Herald*. The Massachusetts Senator declared in his Boston speech that the discussions going on in the country about Slavery 'must be suppressed.' The two papers above alluded to chimed in with this mob law sentiment, and in view of the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, have been constantly harping upon the subject, denouncing Garrison, Phillips, Douglass and others, for the sole purpose of exciting the populace to scenes of discord, violence and blood.

It has been supposed for several years past, that the reign of terrorism on this subject was past in this country. It was once quite fashionable for respectable (!) citizens to engage in the work of breaking up abolition meetings, destroying abolition printing offices and murdering abolition editors and orators, for uttering their honest sentiments in a free country; but that manner of suppressing free discussion only added fuel to the flames, and strengthened instead of weakened the ranks of the persecuted party. This will certainly be the effect of these outrages in New York; they will add a hundred fold to the moral strength and influence of Garrison and his associates, who could desire no surer means of creating sympathy for themselves than are afforded by these unwise and lawless attempts to suppress discussion in a country where every citizen is constitutionally and rightfully guaranteed the utterance of 'free speech' on all occasions.

From the (Hamilton) Madison County Journal

THE PHARISEES OF 1850.

The "orthodox" religious press of New York is signalizing itself by uniting with Bennett's *Herald* and other mob organs in their abuse of the Abolitionists. The *New York Recorder*, a Baptist paper, calls the Anti-Slavery Society an "*infamous* organization," and concludes its libels with the following remarks:

"It will be seen that the principal part of the actors in this meeting were from Massachusetts; indeed the discussions were all calculated for that meridian. The religion of these men is represented by Theodore Parker, their philosophy by Emerson, and their philanthropy by themselves. They profess openly the design to destroy the Union, abolish the Church and the Sabbath, and undermine the authority of the Bible. These objects they have pursued mainly under

sheet, has the effrontery to say that the Anti-Slavery meeting should have been closed by the Police, and Garrison treated "as any other instigator of a riot!" It concludes as follows:

"The chief of the Police ought to have cleared the Tabernacle, and to have carried Garrison and Rynders, *par nobile fratrum*, to the magistrate. An example of this kind would have had a salutary effect on an impudent set, who avowedly acknowledge no allegiance to the Government."

Language like this is an open justification of the outrages of the mob. It is an earnest that the "pious and respectable" portion of community will wink at any measures which will prevent these "fanatics" from expressing sentiments so dangerous to the Church. It is for this reason, that the course of the religious press cannot be too strongly reprobated by every friend of Freedom, and Free Speech. It smacks too strongly of the spirit of olden times, when the chief priests and the rabble united in the cry "Crucify him! crucify him!"

From The (Hopedale) Practical Christian.

THE NEW YORK MOBS.

Why have the meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New York city been outraged and broken up? Let this question be answered by every honest mind to itself, and by every knave too. Was it because the people who assembled in those meetings had for their object the establishment of a monarchy in this country, or a nobility, or a strong privileged class, to trample down the rights of the common people? No. A meeting with such an object would have been deemed harmless even by the democracy under Isaiah Rynders. Was it because those meetings were holden to denounce all order, government, religion and moral restraint, and to recommend universal anarchy? No. It is doubtful if such an abomination would have excited the indignation of our righteous Babylonians. They might have laughed, or scolded, or been indifferent; but they would not have sent Capt. Rynders and his worthies against the offenders. Was it because those meetings were holden to denounce, ridicule or set at nought the divine commandment—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" the Golden Rule—"All things whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them;" or the declaration—"All men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"? No. A body of people might have assembled in New York and held meetings every day for a month, to argue that all such sayings as these are mere "*rhetorical flourishes*," and have no condemnatory force whatever against any existing institution, custom or practice of mankind—not even against chattel slavery—and neither the pious Herald, nor the patriotic Globe, nor the conservative Journal of Commerce, nor the politicians, nor the Merchants, nor the fashionable religionists, would have sent Captain Rynders and his police to overawe their discussions. Was it because those meetings had for their object to prove the whole African race a generation of Monkeys, fit only to be treated as beasts, to recommend the indefinite perpetuity and extension of Slavery, and to proclaim the divine right of slaveholders in all the length and breadth of their demands? No. If such had been their object, all would have been well. Babylon would have remained complacent. The Bible might have been desecrated by lying priests quoting holy Scripture to justify Diabolism. Sleek false prophets might have avouched God and religion to be in fellowship with the throne of iniquity. The whole generation of vipers might have hissed contemptuously against the plainest dictates of humanity, justice and benevolence. All that conspires to disgrace and ruin our country, by nourishing within its bosom the most monstrous moral depravity, might have had free course and been glorified. False priest, false prophets, false religionists, false patriots, false editors, and a false democracy, all in league with Moloch, Mammon, Belial and such like gods, would have radiated from their sunny faces nothing but assent and admiration. Finally, was it because those meetings were appointed by persons notorious for their vices and their crimes—desperadoes ripe for violence and outrage! No. They were neither dreaded nor suspected on any such ground. Their moral character is a perpetual and all-sufficient guaranty that no human being has any such evil to fear from them.

Why then were they mobbed? What was the head and front of their offence? Their honest abhorrence of and uncompromising opposition to American chattle Slavery! And what is this? Nothing less than deliberate, systematic *man stealing*, perpetrated in consignation of upon two hundred and fifty thousand creatures, who have as good a right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" as any other three millions of our race. The offspring of these three millions, to the number of 75,000 are kidnapped from the womb every year. Fifteen States of this Union, with the consent and sanction of the other fifteen, and under favor of their general government at Washington, enforce this vast system of outrage by every terror that *might* can array against *weakness*. For denouncing such enormous, wide-spread and intolerable wickedness as this, and for uncompromisingly opposing the corruptionists in Church and State who countenance it, the abolitionists have been mobbed. It is for this and nothing but this. All other allegations are hollow pretexts. For this noble discharge of their duty to God, to humanity, to their country and to posterity they have been set upon and made a prey by brutish men. These ruffians instigated by other ruffians of greater refinement but blacker hearts, shout for the "*Union*," for the "*Church*," and for the "*Government*." These they hold most sacred! Why and for what? Is it because they love righteousness and hate iniquity? Is it because they delight to see justice done, and the downtrodden *weak* protected against the rapacious *strong* by wholesome civil authority? Is it because they reverence *Union* for the execution of judgment and the promotion of general happiness? No, no! The "Union," the "Church," and the "Government" are precious to these knaves only for that in them which upholds slavery and its kindred abominations. Let the "*Union*," the "*Church*," and the "*Government*," go as powerfully *against* these abominations, as they now do *for* them, and these foul-mouthed bullies would bespatter them with blasphemies. Nothing absolutely good in the Union, the Church, or the Constitution inspires reverence in such bosoms. They are the enemies of God, of man, of themselves and of all truly reformative institutions. The wise and good know this generation well! They are the same in all ages. They stoned the ancient prophets! They crucified Christ! They are begrimed with the blood and cinders of the martyrs! Of whom do we speak? Not of employees only—low, foul-tongued blackguards, set on like bull-dogs to growl and bite—but of their employers and instigators the rather. They all belong together as head, heart and hands full of a common mischief. Pharisee Sadducee, priest and lawyer, scribe and ruler, Herod and Pilate, Judas Iscariot coveting silver, and the rabble yelling for the release of Barabbas and the crucifixion of Jesus—all belong together.

Well, what is to come of these mobocratic demonstrations. Will they repress the Anti-Slavery movement? Will they injure it? Not at all. They will promote it mightily in all parts of the land. They will excite conscience and sympathy in thousands of susceptible souls hitherto comparatively dormant or neutral. Converts will be multiplied. Public sentiment will be agitated in all directions. The true hearted will redouble their efforts and sacrifices. The lukewarm will be electrified. All divisions of the Anti-Slavery forces will be drawn into a closer union. Politicians will be less and less able to juggle out their selfish schemes. And the "*Church*," so called, will come into judgment as it never did before. Those within it who really love truth and righteousness, who alone are members of Christ's approved Church, will begin to loathe the corruptions, the hypocrisy, the selfishness, the mere worldly respectability which now paralyze their piety and virtue. They will feel the blush of pollution and shame on their cheeks, branded there by the kisses and proffered gallantry of Isaiah Rynders, the Empire Club, Bennett's Herald, the Globe, the kidnappers, and the whole posse of Belial in high and low places. O ye professed ministers of Christ and members of his church, who mean to have no fellowship with the workers of iniquity, the day of your trial has come. You must go with the mob and all those abandoned managers in Church and State who are in loving league with slaveholders, or you must seperate yourselves from that infected throng. Is God, the Church, the Christian religion, the gospel ministry to be invoked by the gates of hell! Are you willing to stand before the world mixed up equivocally with the legions of darkness—reeking with the fond droolings of Five Point chivalry—and patronized by all that is ungodly, North and South? If you are, prepare to perish utterly in the corruption which embraces you. We rejoice that some of you see your position, know your duty, and are determined to clear your skirts of these abominations.

We are confident that more good will result from this broken up anniversary, than from half a dozen undisturbed ones. No thanks to the mobocracy. They meant it all unto evil. But the Highest will overrule it for good. The workers of iniquity have laid a train of retribution for themselves which will fill them with the fruits of their own doings. Henceforth New York will reap a full harvest of mobs. Woe to a city with such fellows as Alderman Kelly and his confederates to rule over them. Mark the future! Note the consequences! But rejoice, ye whose heads' hearts and hands are devoted to the uplifting of the crushed, to the regeneration of man. Slavery is doomed, and the reign of violence shall end. Be of good courage, all ye that work against iniquity—all ye that work righteousness. Struggle on, hope on; for yours is the final triumph.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1850.

ULTRA ABOLITIONISTS.

To those who love the great cause of Free Soil as we do, and fight so steadily under its banner, nothing can give greater pain than to see discredit brought upon it by its burlesque—Abolitionism! The one is a noble, and—what is equally essential—a *practical* stand, taken by the best moralists, the soberest thinkers, and the sagest statesmen of the North; the other a crazy humbug, maintained by a few fanatics and mountebanks from Wm. Lloyd Garrison, down to Lewis Tappan; including we are sorry to say some few men who ought to be in better business. All these the true friends of Free Soil should consider not as friends, but as their more dangerous enemies. It is their fanaticism that has alarmed and angered the South, and led the people of that section to take a grouud diametrically opposed not only to right and reason, but to their own best interests. Few persons, even among slaveholders themselves, were accustomed to regard Slavery as anything but a temporary evil, or desirous of propagating it one foot beyond the limits in which it already existed, until their incendiary attempts aroused both the pride and fears of Southern men to assume their present absurd position. In saying this we do not yield one inch of Free Soil ground—not a plank of the Buffalo platform. We still hold Slavery to be a curse to the country, a sin in itself, and the father of many more. But when several millions of people have been sinning for generations back in the same way, and when sudden and violent reform would be certainly followed by social anarchy and immeasurable bloodshed, in such a case that is not true religion which demands that the reform be purchased at such cost, instead of being quietly wrought out in the course of time. On the contrary it is fanaticism—gross, canting and too often hypocritical fanaticism.

Among the great benefits resulting from the organization of the *Free Soil* party, we rank the influence it has had in bringing to a due standard of moderation the views of so many Northern Abolitionists. That this has been achieved is plain enough. Compare the spirit manifested at the Tabernacle on Tuesday morning with what it has been in times past. We regard that meeting as the final struggle of the ultra or Garrison party. In it they were worsted, alike by public opinion and their own folly. The whole country is agitated upon the question as it never has been before; the long strife in Congress has reached its crisis; and all eyes are turned upon this great display of ultra Abolition strength. It shared for a moment with Congress the attention of the people; even the members of that body might be supposed to feel its influence in that decision. What came of it all? Their great anniversary was a failure, not even important enough to be abused. As if blinded for their own destruction, they did not even play their own best cards. Wendell Phillips, the gentleman, the scholar, the fearless orator, the only redeeming man of the party, who shines among his company like a pearl on a dunghill sat in inglorious silence, and the time was occupied in stupid discussions on negro physiology, and the empty jabber of some half-taught negroes, cowering all the while beneath a bully's fist. We shall return this subject.

—So spoke the *Brooklyn Freeman* on the 9th instant, the day after mob-law was proclaimed the paramount law in this city, and the discussion of the Anti-Slavery question, for the time being, "repressed" in accordance with Mr. Webster's suggestion to that effect. It was not, however, to the discussions solely of the Abolitionists proper that Mr. Webster referred, but to the Free Soil agitation as well. We might be surprised that the *Freeman*, boasting itself a Free Soil organ, should lend itself to further Mr Webster's views, and that it does not see that if the root of the tree was killed the top will die, only that the spirit and character of the Boston article does not permit us to indulge in any very exalted notion of its moral standard or its intellectual acumen. Doubtless that paper could be made to understand that it was talking nonsense if it should say that newspapers and printed books are an excellent thing, but presses and types a waste of iron and lead—that the Telegraph is an admirable and useful invention, but galvanic batteries a humbug—that steam power is a great blessing, but steam a dangerous element and not to be meddled with. It might be made to comprehend that such talk is folly, for it evidently prides itself on being "practical." So if it should live long enough, and take to thinking, it may yet come to see that the right to extend Slavery would never have been seriously questioned, if the wrong of the existence of Slavery had not been, in a measure, first settled. If the Abolitionists have done nothing else they have at least done this, and thus made possible the existence of the Free Soil party; have thus brought about as a consequence the birth of such things as this *Freeman*—a consequence submitted to with such patience as they have, as a necessary evil, by a good many earnest men who have little patience with any obstacles in the way of the Anti-Slavery cause.

Perhaps the *Freeman* has "returned to this subject" as it promises, but we have not observed its continuation. Should it not have done so, and still proposes to do it, there is a question or two in history and morals, touched upon and obscured in this first article which it would be well enough for it to elucidate. We ought, perhaps, to ask pardon of our readers for even pointing them out.

We shall not argue the question whether the Abolitionists are fanatics and mountebanks or not, as that is, we take it, a matter of very little consequence.—When their work is finished those who look back upon their labors may discuss and settle that point to suit themselves, and if they decide it in the affirmative, fanatics and mountebanks, we fancy, will come to be a very respectable title. In the meantime the Abolitionists themselves; are so well satisfied with the result of their efforts thus far that they are quite determined to continue them, and are entirely willing to leave their character and reputation to be measured by the final result. Even the *Freeman* gives them the best encouragement to do so, by creating out of these "few" without perceptibly diminishing their number, "so many" Free Soilers, though it does not explain its method of dividing the lesser number by the greater. Our logic also may be in fault here, but we do not see clearly how the particular benefit referred to, of "moderating" Abolitionists to Free Soilers, and so increasing the party of the latter by "so many," could have arisen unless the Abolitionists had first been in existence.

If "fanaticism" has alarmed the South, then it has done precisely the best thing that could be done; and if it has angered it, it has produced a very necessary and wholesome result. An Anti-Slavery movement that does not alarm the slaveholders may as well adjourn; and the fear they may entertain of losing the great personal and political power they possess by virtue of being slaveholders is near akin to anger. The casting-out of devils now, as of old time, is done with rending and tearing, and to exorcise such an one as that of Slavery will hardly be done without some commotion. Fear first, then rage, and afterward despair would be likely to succeed each other in any effort to abolish Slavery that promised success. The Abolitionists have reason to be thankful—under the circumstances—that they are witnessing the second dispensation; the Free Soilers might congratulate themselves if they had any reasonable expectation of producing the first. But if the people of the South have been forced into a position "opposed to right and reason, and their own best interests"—that also will have an end. Anger and fear are violent passions, and their very violence make them short-lived. If the South has ever looked upon Slavery as an evil she would be glad to be rid of, and has permitted passion to take the place in her chivalric bosom of the sense of right, of duty, and of interest because she found that a few persons in the North agreed with her, she will not forever fail of returning to her better senses. But how is it that a "crazy humbug, maintained by a few fanatics and mountebanks," has had so tremendous an influence? The *Freeman* puts Southern intelligence at a low mark in ascribing such an effect to so mean a cause, or else compels us to doubt either its own wisdom or its honesty. If Abolitionism is so contemptible its contemners need not concern themselves about it; it must come to a speedy end, and die, if of nothing else,

> "of suppressed spite,
> The natural end of every adder
> Not suffered to empty its poison-bladder;"

but if it has done two such things as to give birth to the Free Soil party out of its own numbers, and provoked into existence the Slave-soil party also, calling it a humbug, and denouncing its advocates as mere fanatics and mountebanks will never end either it or them.

It is less than justice, however, to the South to describe her present position as a mere absurdity, and to ascribe for it no stronger motives than pride and passion, which she knows to be contrary to right, reason, and her best interests. To extend Slavery into new Territories large enough for empires is anything but absurd, either to the present generation of slaves, or to generations yet to come. The individual slaveholder believes that for him Slavery is a good thing, and contrary neither to right nor reason; and he is correct in his belief if it be true that it is good that the rights and interests of the many be sacrificed for the wealth, and power, and luxury of the few—that the many shall be poor, and despised, ignorant and ignoble, that they may be as a heritage for the proud and the powerful. To abolish Slavery is to subvert this state of things, and the slaveholder knows it. He knows, too, that so monstrous an iniquity will not be tolerated anywhere when earnest men once set themselves to compass its destruction. They feared the Anti-Slavery movement at its very inception, for they foresaw the result. Therefore it was that a State Legislature thought the young man whom a Mayor of Boston could only find, after diligent search, in an obscure garret, with a poor negro boy for his assistant, mark enough for a special legislative act, that the peace of Slavery might be purchased by his assassination. The jealous and watchful despots cared little who or what he was, but raged and trembled at what he said. They foresaw and they foretold, and the result has justified their wisdom. The Anti-Slavery movement may have hurried the course of events, and the instinct of self-preservation have earlier prompted the slaveholders to measures to extend Slavery than they might otherwise have done, that a new and virgin field being given up to its ravages, natural causes should throw new obstacles in the way of its abolition. But at best the movement has only hastened an attempt at extension, which, without it, would have inevitably been made sooner or later, and, when made, would just as inevitably have succeeded without opposition had no Anti-Slavery movement been in existence. The safety and perpetuation of Slavery is now, always has been, and always will be, the policy of the slaveholders from the very nature of man and of sin, and it is the idlest talk to say it ever was or ever could be otherwise. The system was perpetuated by the Constitution, was extended by the purchase of Florida, and of the Territory of Missouri; the conquest of Texas was the next step to the same end, and its annexation was only delayed because something of Anti-Slavery sentiment had been implanted in the Northern mind by the efforts of the Abolitionists. And if a prudent forethought has hastened the dismemberment of Mexico, it has only hastened, not caused it. That California is free, and New Mexico has a chance, however poor, of being so, is proof enough that longer delay would have defeated the end of annexation, though, but for the pestilent heresy of Abolition, all Mexico might, ten or twenty years hence, have been divided into slave States.

We are glad to find that between ourselves and the *Freeman* there is one point of agreement. We both "hold Slavery to be a curse to the country, a sin in itself, and the father of many more." But our agreement between a concretion and an abstraction. We believe that the sooner we get rid of a curse and a sin the better, and if temporary evils ensue in the process, better that than the endurance of the sin and the curse for an indefinite and unlimited period. A wrong uncorrected to-day is stronger to-morrow and the harder to correct. That we have inherited it from our ancestors is a poor excuse for leaving it to our posterity. Immediate repentance is the doctrine of the Christian Church, and it is insisted upon as essential to salvation in relation, at least, to errors of opinion. Is the doctrine less true when a curse, and a sin, and the fruitful source of other sins, and all affecting the temporal and eternal welfare of millions of men, is in question? If the right is not to correct the wrong, the moment the wrong is evident and the right is plain, we may as well have no right. If virtue is not to overcome vice till vice ceases to be the most profitable and the most convenient then virtue is a troublesome attribute which we had better have been without. But such is not our faith in the wisdom of Providence.

If it be necessary to demonstrate that the right course is always the safer and more expedient, it is not difficult, we think, to show that it is better to be rid of a known sin and curse, than to cling to them for fear of the inconveniences that may follow their Abolition.—But so does not think the *Freeman*, and, if that will be any comfort to it, we confess it is on the popular side of the question. It has yet to convince us, however, that, notwithstanding its Anti-Slavery and Free Soil professions, it is not far more concerned for the peace, and comfort, and convenience of the master, than it is for the wrongs and wretchedness of the slave; that it does not fear any evil results from the abolition of Slavery, so much as it prefers that these 'half-taught negroes' should be held as slaves forever. To that sort of Free-soilism it is perfectly right in considering the Abolitionists as the most dangerous enemies. Their fanaticism, whether 'hypocritical' or not—if fanaticism ever can be hypocritical, or hypocrisy ever any thing else but 'cant'—is precisely that which pro-slavery under any guise has the most reason to dread.

If it had been the measures or the method of the Abolitionists specially to which the *Freeman* had taken exception, we should not, probably, have taken the trouble to reply to it. The means which have been pursued to advance the Anti-Slavery cause are their own justification The evidence of their success is their best defence. No matter who or what the Abolitionists are—no matter whether they are few or many—no matter whether they are pious or impious—no matter whether they are, or deserve to be, despised or honored of men—this fact cannot be gainsaid, that they have met with the most triumphant success. Considering the work they had to do, the means they had to do it with, and the tremendous obstacles they had to encounter, the abolition of Slavery is, at this moment, nearer than the most sanguine among them could have dared to hope fifteen years ago The relations of the political parties, the condition of the churches, the tone of the press, the state of the national mind, the influence which the question of Slavery exercises over all other questions, and the importance which everywhere and in all the relations of the country attaches to its settlement is the best evidence that the Abolitionists have thus far pursued precisely the wisest and best course towards attaining the end they aim at. They do not need to defend their measures while there are so many witnesses to their success.

But the *Freeman* does not so much complain of them as of their cause. It is not their want of success, but their success evidently that lays heavy upon its soul. It is the Abolition of Slavery, not its perpetuation that it deprecates. It is for the slaveholder, not the slave that its fears and sympathies are aroused. It dreads Liberty, not Bondage. The continual and inevitable wrongs and wretchedness of the bondman's condition it reflects upon with complacency, but it is filled with apprehension at the contemplation of the temporary evils that may come with the transition from that condition to one of freedom. It is appalled at the phantom of anarchy and bloodshed of its own conjuring, but the living horror of cruelty and crime, instinct with terrible life and power, holding millions in its remorseless grush, that the *Freeman* can bear to look upon unappalled, and without a shudder. We wish the party of Free Soil and Free Men much joy of such an advocate, but we cant help thinking that he would be the better for a little teaching in the first principles of logic and ethics, and for a brief course of reading in the histories of Haiti and the British West Indies.

Kidnapping in Cincinnati.

One of those bold and successful attempts at kidnapping, which occur every year or two in Northern cities, was perpetrated a few days since in Cincinnati, accompanied by acts of violence and cruelty enough, one would almost think, to arouse the very stones of the street against the monsters who committed so villainous an outrage. No more striking and conclusive evidence could be adduced to show how utterly parylized is mere humanity and sense of justice in the people by the feeling of obligation to the Constitution and laws which permit and enjoin the return of fugitive slaves, than this of a ferocious attack upon an unoffending and peaceable man, at high noon, in the streets of a populous city, in the presence of a crowd, not one of whom protested against, or ventured to resist, an act which should not have been suffered to be perpetrated against a horse or a dog. We copy the account from a letter from Cincinnati to the *Boston Republican*:

Friday, May 10, was a delightful day,—the sun seemed to shine with more than usual splendor; and as the several preceding days had been characterized by cold rains and muddy streets, the inhabitants were out in great numbers, to enjoy the balmy air of the cheering spring. The whole city appeared to wear an aspect of peace and mildness that I had not before observed during my short sojourn within its busy limits. It was on this day, while sitting at my window studying the phases of human nature, that passed with the lively throng that crowded one of the most public and fashionable of her streets, that my ear was startled with the cry of "murder!" I looked out and beheld multitudes rushing toward the market square. But so dense became the crowd, that nothing could be seen have the cloud of dust that arose from their centre, giving unerring indications that a struggle for life was there going on. Yet above the din and confusion attendant upon such a scene, was heard the cry of an unfortunate victim for "help." Suddenly the cry ceases, and the gathering crowd gives way in all directions. One blow from a weapon held in the hand of a Kentuckian had prostrated the struggling victim, and silenced his cries. The captors, *four* in number, then drew their huge bowie knives, and cocked their loaded pistols, and one exclaimed with stentorian voice, "Stand back, you cowardly ruffians! the nigger is mine, and I'll have him." They then seized the negro, who had sufficiently recovered to stand upon his feet, and, with the blood streaming down his sable cheeks, they began to push him toward the river. The captive was a mulatto, much better dressed than his captors, and "looked much more the man;" he was slim and tall, and straight as an arrow. He had drank at the fountain of freedom, and appreciated its worth. He had resided for years in the city, nor dreamed of molestation; and the thought of being again returned to the lash of his master, caused him to renew his feeble exertions to escape the grasp of his inhuman pursuers. "Help, friends, help!" he cried, as they hurried him on, "for the love of God, help, or I am lost forever!" Then, by a superhuman endeavor, he had nearly cleared their grasp, when a heavy blow from a cudgel felled him again to the earth. No helping hand was raised in his behalf. The savage Kentuckians then seized him by the collar of his coat and raised him to his feet—then placing themselves, one on either side, one before and one behind, they hurried him down the street at a rapid run, with pistols in hand, and their "shining blades" glittering in a noon-day sun, shaking them at the crowd, and threatening death to all who should interfere.

The negro, from his exertions to escape, and from his bruises, had become so feeble as to be unable to keep his feet at all times, and was, therefore, dragged a portion of the distance. On they rushed amid the thousand gazers, taking the centre of the street, and teams, and carriages, and vehicles of every description turning aside at their approach, until they had gained the hill that overlooks the banks of the river, when they discovered that the ferry-boat had just left her moorings; but, upon being hailed by the Kentuckians, the captain immediately backed his boat, and the captive was tumbled upon her stern, followed by his captors, who scarcely had time to clear her rails before she was off again. When the boat had gained the centre of the river, and was beyond the reach of the missiles that were hurled after her by the crowd, the Kentuckians made the welkin ring with cheer after cheer, in triumph over their achievement in siezing at midday, in a land of *liberty*, and in a crowded city, a HUMAN BEING, and bearing him back to the *lash*, to *chains*, and *perpetual Slavery*. The boat soon reached the opposite shore, and the negro landed in Kentucky.

The above is a hasty sketch of a scene presented at one o'clock, P. M., in Walnut street, Cincinnati, the greatest thoroughfare in the city. I wish it were all fiction, a mere dream, but it is true, every word. I have heard but do not yet know how true the rumor, that this same man has been kidnapped once before, and proved his freedom. His name is George Jackson, and has been residing in the city several years carrying on the business of a barber. It has been decided in the courts of Ohio, that the negro is a free man the moment he steps foot upon her soil; and yet her citizens have stood calmly by and permitted one of their fellow beings to be carried into Slavery without ever having asked the question whether he was or not, a slave, or asking even that the forms of law should be observed. They have permitted their laws to be trampled upon and set at defiance by an armed band from a neighboring State, who have flourished their bowie knives and pistols in her public streets, and shook them in the faces of her citizens, without their ever having asked, "why do ye so?" and all this after having pretended to take the lead as the friend of the slave. I have not time, sir, to comment upon such cowardly conduct, such utter disregard for the dignity of the laws of their State or their country. I blush while I say it, the stars and stripes—the flag of our common country, emblem of *liberty*, *justice*, and union—was majestically waving almost over the very heads of the crowd who were gathered around the prostrate man, until it suited the pleasure of *four* Kentuckians to carry him into captivity. Oh! that it had turned into a whip to scourge the backs of those who permitted it.

☞As many of our readers feel an interest in the success of W. W. Brown in England, they will be glad to see the following letter which we copy from Joseph Barker's paper, '*The People*:'

W. W. BROWN'S LECTURES AT BOLTON.

DEAR FRIEND,—You will perhaps not have heard of W. Wells Brown's visit to Bolton, so I thought I would furnish you with a short account for *The People*. If Slavery be so appalling and heart-rending, we ought to labor more for its abolition It is not enough to express our feelings when a fugitive slave happens to visit us. We should assist in the work of Abolition in some regular and permanent way. W. Wells Brown has given us four lectures. The two first, on the seventh and eighth of March, were well attended: but the hall was not crowded. He gave great satisfaction. Mr. Richardson, the attorney, at whose office you gave yourself up when the aristocrats were after you at the Bolton-election, was so much pleased with Mr. Brown's lectures, that he proposed that Mr. Brown should pay Bolton a second visit. Mr. Brown readily consented. He came again accordingly on Thursday and Friday, the 21st and 22d of March. Between Mr. Brown's first and second visit, Mr. Richardson got a tea party. The trays were furnished gratis by a number of ladies. A good many attended. At the end of the last evening's lecture, Mr. Richardson presented Mr. Brown with an address from the ladies of Bolton, and a purse of gold containing twelve sovereigns. This, and the profits of his lectures, and the profits on the books which he sold, would do something towards enabling the eloquent fugitive slave to support his absent family. We were very glad to be able to give him this token of our regard for him and for the cause in which he is engaged.

George Thompson, M. P. for the Tower Hamlets, came along with Mr. Brown the third night, and gave us one of his splendid speeches on the subject of Slavery. He also attended on the last night, took tea with us, and gave us a speech between the tea and the public meeting.

Now, Sir, I think Bolton and Newcastle on Tyne, have set an example which it would be well for some other towns to follow. The friends at Newcastle, I believe, presented W. W. B. with a purse of twenty sovereigns.

I might not have troubled you with this communication, had I not considered that you were the means of Mr. Brown coming to Bolton. It was your recommendation of Mr. Brown that led us to invite him.

Yours respectfully,
PETER ORRELL.

Mr. Barker.

We find in the *Manchester Times* the following address which was delivered to Mr. Brown on one of the occasions above referred to:

An address presented to Mr. William Wells Brown, the fugitive slave from America, by the Ladies of Bolton. March 22d, 1850:

Dear friend and brother,—We cannot permit you to depart from among us without giving expression to the feelings which we entertain towards yourself personally, and to the sympathy which you have awakened in our breasts for the three millions of our sisters and brothers who still suffer and groan in the prison-house of American bondage. You came among us an entire stranger; we received you for the sake of your mission; and having heard the story of your personal wrongs, and gazed with horror on the atrocities of Slavery as seen through the medium of your touching descriptions, we are resolved, henceforward, in reliance on divine assistance, to render what aid we can to the cause which you have so eloquently pleaded in our presence.

We have no words to express our detestation of the crimes which, in the name of liberty, are committed in the country which gave you birth; language fails to tell our deep abhorrence of the impiety of those who, in the still more sacred name of religion, rob immortal beings not only of an earthly citizenship, but do much to prevent them from obtaining a heavenly one; and, as mothers and daughters, we embrace this opportunity of giving utterance to our utmost indignation at the cruelties perpetrated upon our sex, by a people professedly acknowledging the equality of all mankind. Carry with you, on your return to the land of your nativity, this our solemn protest against the wicked institution which, like a dark and baleful cloud, hangs over it; and ask the unfeeling enslavers, as best you can, to open the prison doors to them that are bound, and let the oppressed go free.

Allow us to assure you that your brief sojourn in our town has been to ourselves, and to vast multitudes, of a character long to be remembered; and when you are far removed from us, and toiling, as we hope you may be long spared to do, in this righteous enterprise, it may be some solace to your mind to know that your name is cherished with affectionate regard, and that the blessing of the Most High is earnestly supplicated in bdhalf of yourself, your family, and the cause to which you have cousecrated your distinguished talents.

THE TRIBUNE publishes the following letter to Isaac T Hopper from Mayor Woodhull, remarking that though written before, it was not received till after the publication of Mr. Hopper's letter in that paper.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW YORK,
Thursday, May 16, 1850.

MR. ISAAC T. HOPPER: *Sir*—I have your communication stating that your name in connection with the late Anti-Slavery meetings having appeared in some of the public papers, very erroneously, you think it right to make a short statement of facts, as far as you had anything to do in the premises, and submit the same to me for correction. To this I have no objection, and as far as in my power readily accede to your wishes.

The account given by you of the conversation between yourself and me at the Mayor's Office on Wednesday morning is not, I think, either full or accurate in several particulars. I stated to you distinctly in substance, that the Chief of Police was present in sufficient force to preserve the peace, and I had no doubt that he would do so, that you would be as safe there as you were then at the Mayor's Office, and that you need not have the least apprehension of any danger whatever.—I stated also, that the Chief of Police was instructed to suffer no violence to be committed, or *threatened to be committed*. These words in italics, though emphatically and repeatedly uttered by me and made the subject of comment at the time, you nevertheless, though very singularly, though I do not pretend to say purposely, omit in the account of the conversation you have transmitted to me.

In reply to your remark that the noise made by certain persons disturbed the quiet of the meeting, I stated that I had been informed that Capt. Rynders and his friends, who are alleged to be the disturbers, had been expressly invited by the President of the Society and presiding officer at the Tabernacle, yesterday, to attend the meeting at the Society Library, and that he had agreed upon terms, on which Capt. Rynders or some of his friends, should speak at the meeting, and that one of them had, according to such agreement, spoken at the Tabernacle by the invitation, and with the consent of presiding officer. I observed that if such was the fact, I did not see how I should be justified in ordering the Police to intefere unless some violence was committed, or threatened to be committed.

I think I did remark, that I understood that blasphemies had been uttered by some of the speakers, and that it would be very difficult, if such was the fact, to preserve order and quiet; but I further immediately added, be that as it may, the Chief of Police has been instructed to pay no regard to any man's doctrines or opinions, or any one who may utter them, to express no opinion himself on the subjects of the meeting, to enter into no discussion, and not to intefere with that of others. That his only business was to preserve the peace, and see that no person came to any harm or injury whatever.

When the people generally are invited to attend a public meeting, I do not conceive that it is the duty of the Police to intefere with the arrangements of the meeting, or to enquire who are the speakers and what they are to say or on the other hand, to enquire who are the hearers, and whether they are to approve or disapprove of what may be said by the speakers, nor is he to prescribe the mode or manner in which such approbation or disapprobation is to be manifested, or the exact amount, or kind of noise which may be made, so that no breach of the peace is committed.

At political meetings I have always endeavored to prevent the Police from attending, either as parties, or policemen, for reasons sufficiently obvious without enumerating them. At religious assemblies, however, and when meetings of particular persons or a particular class of persons only are invited to attend, a different rule from the above should be observed.

But at public meetings generally I hold that while the Police are bound to preserve the peace, they are at the same time required not to invade the right of free opinion, free discussion or any other private rights; and if persons attend pursuant to the call of a general meeting, and from a dislike to the speakers on the sentimens they utter, are simply noisy without committing any present harm to any one, and especially where the individual chosen by the meeting as its presiding officer, and to preserve order, and the only one who should be recognized as having authority to express the wishes of the society or meeting, does not solicit the removal of such persons, but on the contrary invites them to discuss the subjects of the meeting, and the order of such discussion is actually agreed upon, does not the meeting through its presiding officer prevent the interposition of the Police? If there was no breach of the peace actually committed, or threatened to be committed, and the person chosen by the meeting to preserve order did not request or desire the Police to intefere, with what propriety and by what authority could they intefere?

You, also, in this account submitted to me, omit to state that when asked what course I would pursue in case the Anti-Slavery organizations should invite only those friendly to their purprse to attend, I replied that this circumstance would alter my course, and that I would consider what instructions I should give.—When, soon afterward, I was informed by the Chief of Police that these organizations had called meetings of their friends only, I gave strict instructions to that officer to cause such meetings to be be strictly protected against all intrusion or disturbance whatever. Accordingly, on Wednesday night, though two such meetings were held in different parts of the City, and though preparations had been made for far greater efforts and by a very much larger number of persons, as I was informed, to break up these meetings and actually to offer violence, yet not the least intrusion or disturbance was suffered to exist at either of them. There was not, I think, at any time during the week the least danger of violence or injury to persons or property, and the Police were ready and able at any moment to afford aid, and I am informed by the Chief of Police, did afford full protection in these respects.

I will only add that I have no opinion as a magistrate, to express as to the objects of this, or any other public meeting, or the subjects discussed there, provided it is not an assemblage for any unlawful purpose.—My real object and only desire in this matter has been to discharge my whole duty as a magistrate—nothing more, and nothing less. This I shall continue to do to the best of my judgment, without turning to the right or the left, and without favor or fear from any quarter.

Very respectfully yours,
C. S. WOODHULL, Mayor.

His Honor, the Mayor, is as singularly unapt in defending himself as he is in protecting other people. The wisdom of silence could never be more apparent than in this instance, if no better reasons could be given for the course pursued by the city authorities in the late riots than these. As this statement, however, is official it may be relied upon as the best that can be made. It needs but very brief commentary.

A riot, we take it, is a thing to be put down at any rate. If two fire-companies agree upon a street-fight to settle their respective claims to precedence or prowess, we suppose it would be held as the duty of the police to interfere and put an end to so riotous a proceeding. If Irish laborers on a rail-road divide into parties, and proceed to battle to settle their differences, Chief Matzell does not hesitate to send a sufficient force upon the ground, armed with revolvers if need be—and has been done since the 8th of May—to arrest the offenders against the peace and good government of the State. If a play-actor becomes obnoxious to a certain public sentiment, and an attempt is made to 'repress' him by riotous proceedings in the theatre, the police are held bound to suppress such a riot, though at the expense of life. Nobody, we presume, will dispute this statement.

If then the President of the American Anti-Slavery Society invited Captain Rynders and his followers to be present at its meeting, and the acceptance of the invitation led to a riot, its suppression, we take it, became the duty of the public authorities, even though a riot was the object of both parties. No such plea as this should hold the Mayor excusable for permitting a breach of the peace, and one which threatened the destruction of property, if not of life.

If, however, no such invitation was extended to Captain Rynders and his gang to be present at the meeting, but his presence was altogether unwelcome, and his absence evidently looked for us a happy riddance, still more then does it become the duty of the authorities to remove such riotous persons, or compel them to good behavior.

Now the fact is that the presence of Rynders and his mob was altogether unsolicited and unwelcome at the meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and it was only submitted to upon compulsion. If the public authorities, therefore, can be held excused for not suppressing a mob because those mobbed prefer such a dispensation, no such plea can hold good in this case. The credulity of a public officer who listens to so absurd a tale incapacitates him for official station; to found his own course of action upon it ought to arouse a universal demand from the citizens for his instant resignation.

The President of the Society, of course, offered, as is usual at all Anti-Slavery meetings, the opportunity of free discussion, when the meeting was violently interrupted, as the Society grants free speech as well as demands it. We presume, however, that even Mayor Woodhull will not pretend that the utmost latitude that can be given to that term will include the proceedings at the Society Library. To repress all speech by insanse howlings, idiotic ravings, obscene abuse, and violent threats, is not discussion.

But the Mayor declares his instructions were that no violence or *threats of violence* should be permitted. The threat of an assault is, we believe, actionable at law as an assault. At any rate, if the instructions to the police were as here stated, they were, from the beginning, utterly and entirely disregarded. The threat of violence was made by Rynders at the very outset of the disturbances, he rushing upon the platform, and declaring to Mr. Garrison that he should not speak disrespectfully of the President of the United States. The editor of this paper, in whose name the Tabernacle was hired, demanded of Captain Raymond the arrest of Rynders, and the reply from that officer was that he was doing nothing that he had not a right to do, and that he should not arrest him; and Rynders, who overheard the conversation, immediately threatened an assault upon the writer, without being interfered with by word or deed by Captain Raymond. When Mr. Douglass took the platform he was graciously informed by Captain Rynders that he might speak provided he did not give utterance to certain sentiments; 'if you do that,' he added, '*I will knock you down*.' Mr.

asked the General Conference to "state clearly the extent of the power of the Annual Conference to legislate on the subject of Slavery. Do they possess it to the extent of making slaveholding a bar to membership? If not, to what extent is it possessed by them? And further, as a case had occurred in the Wheeling station, in which a colored member in a church trial was the witness against a white brother, declared that if the minister allowed the colored member to be heard in evidence, he would prosecute him at law. The General Conference was asked to adopt a rule making such conduct cause for expulsion from the church, unless proper acknowledgment be made.

☞ We are indebted to HON. D. P. KING for a copy of his Speech on the California Question and the Ordinance of '87.

Domestic Correspondence.

From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXI.

THE ARGUMENT. *The Correspondent bewaileth his silence.—He marvelleth that he was mistaken as to the Webster Reception.—He justifieth and magnifieth himself. — Who were there and who not. —The cheering.—Obligations to Young Boston.— The Irish Peer.—Mr. Curtis's position and reception.—Who he is.—What Capt. Rynders prevented him from being.—His connection with the Med case. —The Correspondent describeth the welcome.—And illustrateth it.—Pancakes and Flounders.— The Outsiders.—Their state of mind.—"The Remains." —The Divines.—Professor Stuart and Job.—Virtue of Silence,—His edition of Cicero.—Professor Kingsley slayeth it and him.—His reputation for Hebrew.—Combat with Professor Conant.—Utter demolition.—The "Charge."—Curiosities of Minister-making.—Rev. W. M. Rogers.—His soul afflicted.—His opinion of Abolitionists.—Hard and soft language.—The Correspondent edified.—The Senior Corresponding Editor's true character discovered.—The Correspondent suggesteth his removal, and warneth the Editor against bad company.—&c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, May 23d, 1850.

It is a long while since I have written to you; but, as this greatly to be bewailed *hiatus* (*hiatus valde defendus*) in my Correspondence has been occasioned by the crowded condition of your columns, it is small blame to me, and, perhaps, no very great loss to your readers. My last letter, if I recollect aright, was chiefly consumed by a description of the preparations in hand for the reception of Mr. Webster by those whom the Boston Courier aptly, if not felicitously, denominated his Retainers. You will be surprised to hear that your Correspondent's statement did not correspond with his usual exactness to the facts. I know not how it was, but scarcely any portion of the proposed arrangements were carried into effect. All I can say is, that, whatever may have been the motive for this deviation from the due and fitting order of solemnities therein laid down, the result of the campaign fell very far short of the plan of operations laid down in that bulletin. But I beg that it may be distinctly understood that *I* was not consulted in the matter, and am in no wise responsible for the failure. Had I been entrusted with the direction of the affair, I flatter myself that it would have gone off in a very different spirit, and with a different effect.

At it was, the whole affair could hardly be regarded by Mr. Webster, or any one that took part in it, as anything but a failure. Your Correspondent, as he intimated his intention of being, was *thar;* but I regret to say that there were hardly any of the other celebrities whose presence might have been expected. It is said that Mr. Webster was terribly taken aback when he saw the list of names affixed to the Boston Epistle of Consolation. He took small comfort from the names that *were* there, so pregnant was the suggestion of the absence of those that were *not*. He might well have had what breath this blow had left in him knocked out of his body, by the beggarly amount the few signers there were had to give of themselves on this triumphal occasion. The whole number in attendance was disgracefully small. The steps of the Revere House were occupied by the persons who stood for the Retainers and Admirers, generally. But not a Signer of any mark or likelihood showed his face among them. Those that I knew were among the most insignificant, in social position, of them all—men to whom it was a distinction to be tied as a bob to any kite of the dimensions of this one. The Doctors in Divinity, the eminent lawyers (few as they were), the merchant princes (if there were any), if they died not, at least made no sign. As Lady Fairfax said of her lord, at the trial of Charles I., "they had more wit than to be there!" It was said in the papers that Mr. Choate was in the carriage with Mr. Webster; but, if he were, I did not see him. The great majority of the company on the steps of the Revere were persons I had never seen before; and I am sure that I know every man of any rate whose name was on that particular piece of Mr. Webster's paper. On the sidewalks and in the street was collected, perhaps, twice as many more, most of them mere lookers on, and many evidently in no unity whatever with the occasion.

And the cheering was absolutely disgraceful to the parties concerned. If it had not been for a quantity of ragged boys who, Zacheus like, had "climbed the trees" and fences roundabout, the cheers which were to be found in the Whig (and Democratic) papers the next morning, bracketed into the speech, would have been as apocryphal as those of the Irish peer, Sir Jonah Barrington tells of, who sent his speech, with the "hears" and "cheers" duly parenthesized, to the press before going up to the House to deliver it, when he found that the House had unluckily adjourned, but too late to prevent his oration from being on all the breakfast tables of Dublin the next morning. Poor Mr. Curtis, who stood sheer above the heads of all, hoisted on one of the granite projections of the steps for a pedestal, looking like an American edition of Lot's wife, had hardly "a hand" to bless himself withal. Even the exquisite irony with which he complimented Mr. Webster on his exertions in behalf of *labor and the laborer* failed to draw down the house; and the skill with which he avoided any allusion to the particular act of his which was the occasion of the Reception fell upon ungrateful ears. When I said that none of the notabilities that signed the "Retainer" letter were there, I, of course, meant to except this gentleman who consented to be their mouth-piece. Mr Benjamin R. Curtis has been, for many years, the leader of the New England bar (though now not more than forty years old), and, probably, has not his superior, as an astute lawyer and ingenious advocate, in the country. And yet, so limited and strictly provincial is professional reputation in this country (from want of centralization) that I suppose not one in fifty of your readers ever heard of him. It is believed that, had the Whigs had the sense in 1844 to have induced our friend Captain Rynders to make Clay instead of Polk President, he would have been raised to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, in Judge Story's place, who was ready to make way for him. It is unfortunate for his permanent reputation that in the only adjudged case of his time which will make part of general history, that of the Slave Med, which settled the point that a slave brought into Massachusetts by the act of the master becomes *ipso facto* free, that he will be found to have been the asserter of the rights of the Slave-catcher.

And when Mr. Webster came to reply, it was almost as bad. You know that, whatever attributes of the immortal gods he may possess, which have given him the epithet of "God-like," *height* is not one of them. So that, when he stood up in a low-hung barouche, his presence was by no means imposing. But it is a literal fact that they could not get up three consecutive cheers to welcome him with, but broke down in the middle of the third, like a bad singer with a cold in his head. It showed great want of tact on the part of the undertakers of the affair, that they did not have an organized band of *claqueurs* drilled to applaud at a given signal. They should have been ashamed to invite a friend to such deplorably cold victuals. As for *flatness*, pancakes are mountainous, and flounders corpulent alongside of it. As to the people on the outside, they were, as I have already intimated, most of them literally *outsiders*. They seemed generally in a light and frivolous state of mind, by no means in accordance with the solemnity of the occasion. Unseemly allusions drawn from the obsequies of the dead seemed to be received with indecent merriment. "Here comes the Remains," exclaimed one, as the carriage containing what was left of Mr. Webster drove up. "The Remains move off in the direction of Mt. Auburn," cried another, as it drove away. Far be it from me to justify such levities at so serious a time, but they are indications of the way in which the wind blew that day.

The Reverend Divines, who undertook to help whitewash Mr. Webster in this particular distress, kept prudently away, as I have before said. But one of them, Professor Moses Stuart, of Andover, has since again gratified his enemies in a manner that Job himself would have chuckled over, by writing a Book. This gentleman is a singular instance of the potency of a spoken word to dissolve the charm of a reputation. By dint of holding his tongue, he had passed the better part of his life as an eminent classical and Hebrew scholar and philologist. As long as he confined his prelections to his lecture-room at Andover, he passed muster very well. But, in an evil hour, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, he undertook to teach the scholars of America and the world how the classics should be edited. And so the press of Flogg and Gould teemed with an edition of one (or two) of the treatises of Cicero, with an intimation that he should go on and give proper editions of all the classics in turn. But what are the hopes of man! Scarcely was the bantling born, when Professor Kingsley, of Yale College, stuck his fork into it, like a hungry Ogre, and, before devouring it, held it up to the laughter of mankind. His exposure of it was more fatal than that to which Lycurgus condemned the deformed brats of the Spartans. His Review was a masterpiece in its way, and made excellent fun of the pompous pretensions, the inconceivable ignorance, and the preternatural blunders of the Andover hierarch. Never was daw more effectually plucked of his borrowed feathers. As a pretender to classical learning, he gave up the ghost. The classics remain yet unedited, and the entire edition thus knocked on the head rotted on the shelves of Flogg & Gould, unless it was dismissed to "clothe spice line trunks," or consigned to the useful manipulation of the "oblivious cook."

But still there was an opinion that, although he had been shown to resemble Shakspeare, if in nothing else, in having "small Latin and less Greek," he was, for an American, at least, a tolerable Hebraist. But unfortunately for this shred of his reputation, he undertook, three or four years ago, to criticise Professor Conant's (of Hamilton College) translation of Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar. This brought down the learned Baptist (one of the most microscopically exact scholars in the world) upon him, who finished most effectually what Dr. Kingsley had begun. This controversy did not make so general an impression, from its nature, as that which the New Haven Professor had begun and ended with a single blow. But the result was equally conclusive and crushing. The astounding ignorance of which he was convicted in his own department dissipated whatever *prestige* still clung to his name; and, now, no man competent to judge, but laughs when Professor Stuart's name is mentioned in connection with the learned languages. His reputation is as *dead* as they themselves. And now, in his old age, he puts forth a work to test his competency as a teacher of morality, in which he most lamely and impotently endeavors to excuse American Slavery by the authority of Moses and of Paul! Indeed, I take this to be the identical "Charge" which was assigned to him in the Programme I sent you, and which he was unwilling should be lost, although not delivered. But is it not curious that Evangelical divines, of the genuine Andover brand, should have been made up for forty years by a man whom Kingsley has shown to be a tyro in Latin, Conant demonstrated to be a bungler in Hebrew, and who has written himself down an ignoramus in the first principles of morality and the plainest precepts of Christianity!

There was another Reverend signer of the Webster letter, who was absent on this important day, but whom I had the pleasure of meeting on board the Empire State, on my return from New York. I mean the Rev. William M. Rogers, of the Winter Street Church, of this City. You will be pained to hear that the righteous soul of this eminent saint is grieved by the bitter and denunciatory spirit of the Abolitionists. He bore a faithful testimony to Henry C. Wright and me, on this subject. He assured us that he regarded Garrison and his followers as *fools, liars* and *hypocrites*, besides being infidels and disorganizers, and that Garrison and Rynders belonged to one gutter, and were well matched with each other, and as much more of the same sweet and conciliatory remonstrance as could be crowded into half an hour of unimaginable volubility. I don't know what the effect of this Christian exhortation will have on that hardened sinner, Wright; but I am sure I shall be the better for it the longest day I have to live. By the way, I feel it my duty to inform you that, though his meek censures were mainly general in my hearing, Mr. Wright informed me that, at another time, he descended to particulars, and specified your Senior Corresponding Editor as "a Liar and a Hypocrite." As I feel a degree of interest in your paper, I thought it right to give you this authentic intelligence as to the true character of one of your fellow-laborers, that you may lay it before the Executive Committee, who will, doubtless, hasten to remove him from that honorable and lucrative post. And as, I believe, I have sometimes seen him in your company, it seems but friendly to give you this timely warning, lest, peradventure, your good manners might be corrupted by the evil communications of so pestilent a fellow.

D. Y.

General Intelligence.

THE HISTORY OF THE INVASION OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA, BY A VALOROUS FORCE OF ANGLO SAXONS, DETERMINED TO EXTEND THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY, THROUGHOUT THE NEW WORLD, THAT THE AFRICAN RACE MAY BE CONTINUED AS SLAVES. IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Exciting News from Cuba.

LANDING OF GEN. LOPEZ.

LOPEZ ADVANCING ON MATANZAS.

CARDENAS CAPTURED.

GREAT PANIC IN HAVANA.

THE AMERICAN STEAMERS REFUSED ENTRANCE INTO HAVANA HARBOR.

105 PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE SPANISH!

Rumored Capture of a Spanish Sloop-of-War.

By the United States Steamship Ohio, we (*Tribune*) have received from Cuba the exciting intelligence of the landing of Gen. Lopez and the taking of Cardenas by the invading forces. We received from Mr. O. V. HOLLENBECK, Purser of the Ohio, an early dispatch, containing the particulars of the news, which was issued yesterday afternoon in an *Extra Tribune:*

General Lopez landed at Cardenas, about 90 miles from Havana, on the 17th instant, with about 500 men, and took possession of the town. The garrison consisted of one company of abou men, who made but a slight resistance. They were driven into a church, and after losing three men killed, they surrendered. The General landed in the steamer Creole, which left New Orleans on the 17th instant.

[Cardenas is a small sea-port on the northern coast of Cuba, about 100 miles East of Havanna, and 40 to 50 from Matanzas. Its population in the year 1846 was 3,103, and it has probably not increased materially since then.—*Ed. Tribune.*]

Several other vessels left New Orleans previous to the Creole, containing in all 12 or 15 hundred men, but where they are to land is not known.

The greatest excitement existed in Havana, amounting to a Panic. The city was under martial law, and several thousand militia have been enrolled, and arms were being given them.

The resident foreigners were called upon to enrol. There were 1,500 troops at Matanzas, and 800 were dispatched from Havana at 1 o'clock, A. M. of the 20th, to reinforce them and march against Lopez.

It was rumored that the force under Lopez had increased to 2,000, and that he was already half way to Matanzas. On the 16th news was received that a large body was collected on "Woman's" Island, near Cape Catoche, Yucatan.

The General of Marines, with several vessels and about 3,000 men, started immediately for that point.

Just before the Ohio left the Spanish steamer Pizzaro came in with 105 prisoners. It was said that they were mostly Germans and Irish.

The report was, that they were to be shot that day at 12 o'clock, or at least one out of every ten; the balance to be confined in the dungeons of Moro Castle.

The force on the Creole, with which Gen. Lopez effected the landing, is but a small part of the Expedition. It is known that some ten or twelve vessels have left New Orleans and different parts of the Gulph, probably to land simultaneously at different points.

It was reported that Lopez had broken up the Railroad to Cardenas in several places.

The merchants and bankers in Havana were removing their money, &c. to the Fort for safety.

The Ohio, Georgia and Falcon were compelled to anchor at the entrance of the Harbor. Captain SCHENCK protested through the American Consul to the Captain-General, and demanded a safe anchorage, but was refused and told he might go to sea as soon as he pleased. None of the passengers were permitted to go on shore except those having passports. No communication was allowed between the passengers, not even between the officers, until a permit was obtained from the Captain-General.

The Ohio was obliged to wait more than 15 hours for a permit to transfer passengers after she was ready for sea.

Captain McLane, who came passenger in the Ohio, informs us that at the time of leaving Havana, a rumor reached there that a Spanish sloop-of-war had been captured by the forces of Gen. Lopez.

We have received files of the *Diario de la Marina* to the 19th instant. There is no mention made of the landing at Cardenas, but the New Orleans papers of the 14th had been received, and the projected invasion is noticed. On this subject, the *Diario* says:

"The last news from the neigboring continent seems to leave no doubt concerning the preparations made for the attempt of an enterprise conceived by treachery, and which alone can be embraced by the most ignorant and absurd rabble, which perceives no risk, examines no danger, and with which the most voracious rapacity is the supreme law of action.

"It is time, in truth, that the pirates should go to sea, that they should go out to display their forces and their strength; it is time that they should come to prove on our coasts the heroism of which they brag; it is time that the heroes of this most infamous vandalism should come to prove the loyalty, the valor and the discipline of our marine and our army, the loyalty, valor and patriotism of the inhabitants of Cuba! And it would be a misfortune if they did not reach our coast, a misfortune if the smell of Spanish powder should drive away these vermin!—a great misfortune that would bring their boasts down to a mere show: Great crimes need another example, and we are anxious for the honor of applying it to our history. To be just to a faithful people must we not give them occasions of showing to the world with pride their fidelity and generosity?

"It is true that neither the quality of the enterprise, nor the importance of those who undertake it, present themselves to us under such an aspect that their coming could flatter those in whose veins still flows the blood of Pelayo and Cortez. But, inasmuch as the rabble is truly a pest on the face of the earth, would not its destruction be a signal benefit to humanity, and therefore a glory? This is precisely why we are anxious that the rascals should succeed in landing on our shores."

CHAPTER II.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM CUBA.

FLIGHT OF THE INVADING FORCES.

The Creole at Key West—Gen. Lopez at Savannah.

The following telgraphic despatch was received on Saturday afternoon. It proves that the crowing over the capture of Cardenas and the the Freedom of Cuba was rather premature:

SAVANNAH, Saturday morning, May 25.

The steamship Isabel touched off this port this morning from Havana and Key West. She left Havanna on the 22d inst.—two days after the Ohio.

According to the advices brought by the Isabel, the invading forces are thrown into confusion, and probably are already used up.

The steamer Creole, which carried that part of the invading force that landed at Cardenas, succeeded *in escaping from that port, and has arrived at Key West, with Gen. Lopez, the commander-in-chief of the invaders, on board.* Gen. L. and one of his aids, Major Sachez Essnaga, arrived in this city this morning, and have taken lodging at the City Hotel.

The following information is obtained from him:

The expedition left the Islay del Contoy, on the north-east corner of the Yucatan coast, on the 16th, and landed at Cardenas on the 19th inst. [The Ohio brought word that the landing at Cardenas took place on the 17th.—*Ed. Trib.*] They lost some time in landing, which gave the authorities time to send an express to Colozo, about ten miles distant. The expedition entered the town and attacked the jail, supposing it to be the barracks! The jail-guard, composed of fifteen men, stood fire like old soldiers. Troops were seen at this moment crossing the plaza. They were hailed, and answered by firing upon the troops. After this, some soldiers went to the Government-House, which was attacked. The House was well defended, but it was finally burned. The few troops surrendered themselves.

The town of Cardenas remained in peaceable posion of the invaders. The troops, however, being dissatisfied with their warm reception, and having lost time in getting the wounded and fuel on board the steamer Creole, which was to return for reinforcements, became disheartened, and insisted upon going to Key West.

They were closely pursued by the Spanish war steamer Pizarro, but escaped.

CHARLESTON, Saturday, May 25 P. M.

The steamer Isabel has arrived from Havana.—The invaders succeeded in landing at Cardenas, and took the place. The palace was burned, and the Governor is a prisoner. The steamer afterwards escaped to Key West, *and General Lopez is now in Savannah.*

CHAPTER III.

THE LOPEZ EXPEDITION.

LETTER FROM CARDENAS.

THE GOVERNOR CARRIED AWAY.

Gen. Lopez Arrested in Savannah by the United States Marshal—His subsequent Discharge—His Speech—He leaves for Mobile.

CHARLESTON, Saturday, May 25.

The following is the extract of a letter dated Cardenas, May 20, 1850, per Isabel:

"Gen. Lopez, accompanied by about 500 men, landed at this place from the steamer Creole, between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of the 19th May (Sunday.) After a short struggle with the few troops stationed here, they took possession of the town, and then besieged the house of the Governor, where they met a good resistance. They set fire to his house. He was consequently forced either to give up or to be burned to death. The invaders kept possession of the town until yesterday, when they left about 8 o'clock, carrying with them our Governor, one or two officers, besides the money they had robbed from the public Treasury. They had a second action with the troops before leaving, and several were killed on both sides.

This unfortunate occurrence has caused a momentary check in business.

We have not received any letters for the past two days, because as soon as the invading band arrived they took possession of the railroads, cars and engines, and, it is said, sent men up the country to tear up the rails. The invaders did not molest the inhabitants, although nearly every one took refuge on board of the shipping in the harbor. We trust that by to-morrow evening tranquility will be restored, and the business of the town go on as usual.

We open our letter to advise you of the safe arrival of our Governor with the two officers captured by Lopez. Near Paypieda they fell in with a fishing smack, and it is said that Lopez agreed to put them on board, on condition that the Governor would use his influence to save the lives of those left behind. Five of Lopez's gang are now in the stocks.

CHARLESTON,—9 P. M.

Lopez, in the Creole, has reached Key West with his men who were pursued by the Spanish war steamer Pizarro. Lopez is now in Savannah while his followers are at Key West.

Since the above came to hand we have received the following important news:

Great Excitement in Savannah—General Lopez arrested by the United States Marshal, with his Aid—Examined before the United States District Court and discharged.

CHARLESTON, Sunday, May 26—5 P. M.

We have received the following by Telegraph, dated:

SAVANNAH, Sunday, May 26—4 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

Much excitement was produced here last night by the arrest of Gen. Lopez by the United States Marshal, under orders from the President of the United States. His aid, Major Sanchez Esnaga was also taken into custody. They were carried before Judge Nichols of the District Court. The Court room was densely crowded. No evidence being adduced to justify commitment, the parties were discharged at about 11 3-4 o'clock last night, amidst great cheering among the spectators.

Gen. Lopez was conducted to his lodings at the City Hotel, by a large escort of citizens.

Being loudly called for, he came out before the people, and made an animated speech, interrupted by the plaudits of the multitude. He declared it to be his inflexible purpose to persist in his enterprise, and was determined until Cuba was free and disenthralled from the yoke of Spain at all risks, and at every hazard. Cheers.

He presented a pleasing and intelligent appearance.

He left the city at 11 o'clock this morning (Sunday) for Mobile.

We referred last week to the case of the Seaman in the British barque Mary Ann, and the debate that arose in the House of Commons in relation to it. From the last two numbers of the *Standard of Freedom*, we copy the report of the proceedings in relation to it in court. By the last it will be seen that the case was dismissed, it appearing probable that the man is an American.

ABRIDGMENT OF THE LIBERTY OF BRITISH SUBJECTS IN AMERICA.

Mr. William Waddington, the master of the barque Mary Ann, appeared for the second time before Mr. Yardley, to show cause why he refused payment of $17 16s. 8d. wages, earned by Isaac Bowers, a man of color and a native of Antigua, for services as steward on a voyage from Glasgow to Boston and Charleston in the United States, and back to London, under articles of agreement. It will be recollected that payment of the wages was refused by the master when he was first before the magistrate, on the ground that the complainant, who is a British subject, had been taken out of the ship at Charleston by the authorities there, because he was a colored man, and imprisoned for two months in the common gaol, to prevent his having any communication with the slave population, and that he had been charged £20 by the sheriff for the maintenance of the seaman while he was in gaol. Mr. Yardley, after expressing his surprise at such an outrage on the liberty of the subject, said the wages must be paid, notwithstanding the man had been taken to prison, and the expenses incurred, because there was no stipulation in the articles to exempt the ship from the liability. The master then requested an adjournment to obtain further advice, and also to produce the agreement and the accounts. Mr. Pelham, who appeared for the seaman, said he now understood the wages would be paid without any further opposition; but there was some dispute as to the value of the dollars advanced to the complainant at Boston and Charleston. He put the value of the American dollar at 4s. only. Mr. Yardley: it is more than that; it is worth 4s. 2d. at least. —Mr. Waddington said, he had to draw upon England and pay interest for the money he obtained in America, and he charged the complainant 4s. 9d. per dollar. The price of the English sovereign in America ranged from four dollars and a few cents to four dollars and 25 cents, and four dollars and 80 cents at various times. —Mr. Yardley said that was a great range indeed. He always thought the exchanges between England and America were pretty nearly equal. He would allow the master to charge 4s. 6d., or £3 7s. 6d. for the $15 advanced to the steward at Boston and Charleston.—Mr. Waddington said, he would rather give the man money than take it from him, but it certainly was a serious loss to the ship to pay two months' wages and £20 besides for expenses while the steward remained in prison. If he went back to the United States he should get into serious trouble in consequence of what had taken place in that court, and the exposure in the newspapers relating to Slavery in America.—Mr. Yardley: Oh no, you won't. You have got immortalized by coming here and stating what you did.—Mr. Waddington: They will cut the masts out of my ship whenever I reach Charleston, or any other port of a slaveholding State in America.—Mr. Yardley: Oh no, no! you can go there again with safety.—Mr. Waddington: Indeed, I cannot, Sir.—A discussion then ensued relating to the time the steward left the vessel in this port, the master contending that he did not come on board after the 19th ult., while the steward said he was on board till the 22d; and this point being decided by the wages being calculated up to the 20th.—Mr. Waddington said the steward was telling falsehoods; the dollars were not advanced at Charleston only, as the complainant stated, but at Boston and Charleston. The steward said he signed the articles on the 19th of August at Glasgow, and "it was no such thing."—Mr. Yardley: the contract will prove when it was signed. Let me see it. The articles of agreement were handed to the magistrate, who ascertained that the articles were dated on the 17th of August, and the steward would be entitled to two days' more wages.—Mr. Waddington: He has sworn falsely; he said the 19th.—Mr. Yardley: Nonsense, man; it dont show much common sense to catch the man up in this manner. You exhibited more sense when you were here the other day.—Mr. Waddington: I have got as much sense as many other men have.—Mr. Yardley: Come, Sir, don't be impertinent. I will not suffer it.—Mr. Waddington: I cannot go back to any slaveholding State in America; if I do, my ship will be scuttled, or the masts taken out.—He then held a short conversation with Mr. Pelham, and said, "he would not pay the wages up to the 20th of April, for the man had not been regularly discharged;" and the solicitor said, "if he did not, he would obtain a distress warrant, and seize the ship." Mr. Waddington then took up his papers, and as he was going away said, "D——n it, I wish we were all slaves, seamen, magistrates, and all." —An order for the payment of £11 14s. 6d., after giving the captain credit for advances, was made.

ABRIDGMENT OF THE LIBERTY OF A BRITISH SUBJECT IN AMERICA.

Mr. Coleman, clerk of the Registry-office under the Board of Trade, waited on Tuesday on Mr. Yardley at this court, respecting the man Buvus, whose case has recently attracted so much attention in connection with the extraordinary practice of confining free blacks, no matter what country they sail from, during their sojourn in the slave States of America. It appeared that Buvus, who, it will be remembered, belonged to the Mary Anne, Captain Waddington, and was imprisoned by the sheriff of Charleston during the two months that the vessel lay in that port, made a declaration before Mr. Yardley on Monday, to enable him to procure a ticket of the Registry-office. In this declaration he represented himself as a native of Antigua, and when he presented himself at the registry-office on Tuesday, Mr. Coleman overhauled the returns of all the ships in which he represented himself to have sailed, and ascertained that in all but one he was described as a native of Boston. Even when going the voyage in the Mary Anne, he was described as of Boston; but, on getting to Charleston, he assumed Antigua as his birthplace, hoping, probably, that as a British subject he would be exempt from the port regulations. Mr. Coleman had him subjected to a close examination by an old naval officer, who found that he knew nothing of Antigua, and in his hap-hazard replies gave the names of places which have no geographical existence. His account of himself was equally vague. He said his father was taken prisoner during the American war, which ended in 1815, at which rate he must be 35 years old, though, by his own statement, he was but 22. The man's statement, added Mr. Coleman, seems altogether inconsistent, and as the case has attracted attention in high quarters, I felt it my duty to sift it thoroughly. As a slave, he would be liable to heavy penalties for moving from one state to another, and it was not probable that his father was in a position to pay them.—Mr. Yardley: The man insists that he never was a slave, but no doubt you have fully investigated the case.—Mr. Coleman: Under the circumstances I felt bound to do so, as the board, seeing the attention attracted by the case, wished that there should be no misunderstanding on the subject. I also find from his own admission, that assistance has been rendered to him by the American Consul, which would also go to show that he is a native of America.—Mr. Yarnley: Well, if you have thoroughly investigated the matter, and have satisfied yourself, I have nothing more to do with it.—Mr. Coleman: I have done so, sir, to the best of my power; and I have attended here in consequence of reports emanating from this court.—Mr. Yardley: I know nothing of these; but I was about to send for you to ascertain that a due investigation had been made. The matter then dropped; and though Buvus had been hanging about the court in the morning, he did not appear during the explanation.

Emperor Faustin I, of Hayti, and his Palace.

[Correspondence of the Tribune.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, March 15.

Having reached this city, my first care was to request M. Raybaud to present me to the man whose name is at this moment in the hundred mouths of renown. After several days the French Consul announced to me that he had arranged the desired interview. We betook ourselves to the Palace. This edifice, which served as a habitation to the old Governors of St. Domingo, appears rather imposing when compared with the mean houses of the city, although it has but one story, raised several feet above the ground. A barred court-yard, where the Emperor holds a review every Sunday morning, vaguely recalls that of the Tuilleries.

We entered a hall of waitng, which I examined with curiosity. The floor is of marble slabs; the furniture is of black hair-cloth and straw. On a richly wrought table stands a fine bronze clock, representing the arms of Hayti—a palm, surrounded with a bundle of lances, and surmounted with a Phrygian cap. Two handsome portraits serve as pendants to each other; one represents the Abbe Gregoire, the celebrated conventionist, the other the reigning Emperor. The first is the work of a European pencil—the second does honor to the talent of a mulatto artist, Baron Colbert. I should, perhaps, have noticed other particulars if the step of his Majesty had not been heard in the adjoining hall, which contains portraits of the great men of Hayti, and serves for grand receptions. We advanced to meet the Emperor, who wears a green uniform of an irreproachable cut, epaulettes of gold adorned with twelve silver stars, a plate on his breast, a sword at his side, and his chapeau in his hand.

He commenced by giving us a cordial shake of the hand, then seated himself on a fauteuil, and awaited with a certain timidity for M. Raybaud to commence. We seated ourselves. The Consul, in announcing my name, said that I had come to visit the Empire as a traveller, and would not willingly have departed without the honor of having been received by His Majesty. "Sire, it is the only aim of my voyage," said I, half rising. The Emperor imitated my movement thanking me. "I have already had the pleasure of seeing Monsieur at the review on Sunday," he added, graciously. It was now my turn to thank him. The conversation continued in this tone about twenty minutes. When we rose to take leave of the Emperor, he shook hands again. Three salutations on our part, and three on his, completed the ceremony.

Faustin Soulouque is entirely black, but his features have by no means the savage and hideous expression which has been ignorantly attributed to the purely African type. His look might be called handsome, and his smile is quite agreeable. Aged about 64 years, he does not seem to be more than 50; of a medium height, he has a very full chest, large shoulders and broad hips. On horseback he has a stately air, and is one of the best horsemen I have ever seen. On foot, his corpulence makes him appear small. Although naturally not much of a talker, he always exhibits a perfect propriety and dignity in his words. Here it may be well to rectify the rumor which has attributed to him a complete ignorance of the French language. He expresses himself correctly, and without the least mixture of Creole dialect. He has also been accused of knowing neither how to read or write. The truth is that he signs his name legibly, writes even a letter if need be, and reads every evening, without the aid of a Secretary, the new History of Hayti, which is now being published by a talented native, M. Modion, recently created Baron. The caricatures and squibs of the Parisian press have annoyed him profoundly. In this respect he possesses an incurable susceptibility.

The birth of Soulouque was very humble; he was born as a slave on the plantation of M. Viallet. This white, who has been pointed to me, succeeded in stemming the revolutionary waves which have agitated the Queen of the Antilles, and actually lives at Port-au-Prince at present. Soulouque, meeting him lately, said: "Although Emperor to everybody else, I cannot help still regarding you as my master." "And I, sire, consider myself your subject," replied M. Viallet: a little dialogue which indicates how marvellous are the reverses of human destiny!

On the evacuation of the French, the freed slave entered the army of Dessalines as a soldier, and afterward, under Petion, fought against Christophe. From step to step he came to be Colonel, at the time of the fall of Boyer, an event to which he contributed in no way. His taciturnity—a quality or defect which, among the blacks, is considered as a mark of profound discretion —caused him to be admitted to the confidence of the different subterranean trains which succeeded each other from 1843 to 1847. Created General of Brigade by Richer, he owed his election to the Presidency to the chance which pronounced his name in the Senate, when opinions were about equally divided between two candidates, neither of whom could obtain the necessary majority. He was favored by both parties: by the blacks, on account of his ebony skin, and by the Creoles, because they hoped to use him as their pliant tool. The sequel showed how much they were mistaken. They had chosen a master, not a servant.

A VEGETARIAN CONVENTION convened in Clinton Clinton Hall last week, and Rev. Wm. Metcalf was elected President; Rev. H. Wellington, of Boston, Mr. Gilman Blake, of Pepperill, and Dr. Shew, Vice Presidents; Joseph Metcalf, and Dr. Dick, Secretaries. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution, which afterwards reported the following preamble and resolutions:

"Man is evidently responsible to certain physical, mental and moral laws. Obedience to these will secure health and happiness; while disobedience invariably produces misery and evil. Natural laws form a unique harmonious system, and man partakes of this prevailing beauty in every law of his being. Constitutions may indeed differ—but there must be a universal law for the stomach as well as for the lungs. And the species of food prescribed by the universal law for the human stomach will be found to comport best with the physical abilities, health, and the exercises of the intellectual and moral powers. Vegetarianism unfolds this Universal Law of Man's being. Its observance is a stepping-stone to a higher stage of existence, and removes the obstructions which hinder the fulfilment of man's highest aspirations, and it is the best inlet to a new and holier life.

"With these views impressed on our minds, we, who are here assembled in American Vegetarian Convention, have hereby

"*Resolved*, That Comparative Anatomy, Human Physiology, and the chemical analysis of different animal and farinaceous substances unitedly proclaim the position that not only the Human Race *may*, but SHOULD subsist upon the productions of the Vegetable Kingdom.

"*Resolved*, That the Vegetarian principle of Diet derives its most ancient authority from the appointment of the Creator to Man, when he lived in purity and peace, and was blessed with health and happiness in Paradise.

"*Resolved* That though the use of animal food be proclaimed under the sanction of succeeding times, it rests only on the *permissions* accorded to Man in his degraded condition, and is a departure from the appointment of the Creator.

"*Resolved*, That if Man would return to Paradise and Purity—to mental and physical enjoyment—he must return to the Paradisical Diet, and abstain from the killing and eating of animals as food.

"*Resolved*, That there is found in the Vegetable World, every element which enters into the animal organization; and that combination of those elements in the Vegetable Kingdom, are best adapted to the most natural and healthy nourishment of Man.

"*Resolved*, That flesh-eating is the key-stone to a wide-spread arch of superfluous wants, to meet which, life is filled with stern and rugged encounters; while the adoption of a Vegetarian Diet is calculated to destroy the strife of antagonism, and to sustain life in serenity and strength.

"*Resolved*, That as there are intellectual facts and a mental being into which the inebriate can never enter, and delights which he can never enjoy, so there are moral facts and a moral being which to the flesh-eater can never be revealed, and moral happiness in which he cannot fully participate.

"*Resolved*, That cruelly in any form for the mere purpose of procuring unnecessary food, or to gratify depraved appetites, is obnoxious to the pure human soul, and repugnant to the noblest attributes of our being.

"*Resolved*, That the evidences of Linnæus, Sir Richard Phillips, Dr. Franklin, Sir Isaac Newton, John Wesley, Swedenborg, Howard, Jefferson, Rousseau, Akenside, Pope, Shelly, Sir John Sinclair, Arbuthnet, and a host of other living as well as ancient observers of Nature, testify to the truth of Vegetarianism.

MARRIAGES.

THORBURN—COOPER.—May 22, at the residence of Robert Tyler, Esq., Bristol, Pa., by Rev. E. T. Cook, George Thorburn, of Astoria, L. I., to Virginia, youngest daughter of the late Thomas A. Cooper, Esq.

RUGGLES—LIVINGSTON.—May 23d, in St. Paul's Church, Poughkeepsie, by Rev. Mr. Traver, Hon. Charles H. Ruggles to Mary C. Livingston.

DEATHS.

LEWIS.—In Roxbury, Captain Winslow Lewis, the well known veteran shipmaster, at the advanced age of 80 years.

HENDRICKS.—At Madison, Ia., May 17th., Hon. W. Hendricks, the first Governor of Indiana, and also the first Senator elected from that State, aged 68 years.

HONE.—On Friday morning, the 24th instant, Catherine, wife of Philip Hone.

ROBESON.—In San Francisco, April 11th. Frederick Robeson, youngest son of Andrew Robeson, of New Bedford, Mass.

THE

UNION LITERARY INSTITUTE,

INDIANA.

THIS School is located in a dense settlement of Colored people, on the Eastern verge of Randolph County, Indiana, and near the Western line of Dark County, Ohio.

The Institution was commenced by a donation of 250 Acres of Land, lying together, which were contributed by a few benevolent individuals, in the Spring of 1845. In the Autumn of the same year, a public meeting being called for the purpose, further contributions in money and goods were obtained, amounting, collectively, to $1500—and the Plan of a Free Labor School was adopted; the prominent design of which was, to afford an Education in the higher Branches of Learning, to young Colored persons of both sexes, so as to qualify them for Teachers. This measure was intended to supply the defects of the School System, adopted by the laws of Indiana, in which such persons are not allowed to participate.

During the Legislative Session of 1847—8, a Charter from the State was obtained, conferring Collegiate privileges on the Institution.

The concerns of the School are conducted by a Board of thirteen Managers, four of whom are elected annually at a public meeting of the Contributors.

The broad Christian basis upon which this School is founded, and the peculiar characteristics which distinguish it from most of the popular Literary Institutions of the day, will be best understood from Articles 8, 9, and 10 of the Constitution, which are as follows:

Article 8. There never shall be allowed or tolerated in the Union Literary Institution, its government, discipline or privileges, any distinction on account of color, rank or wealth.

Article 9. In all matters relating to ecclesiastics—each person connected with the School, either as teacher or pupil, shall be left to his or her denominational preference; nor shall any teacher be employed, or other instrumentality used to favor one church organization more than another. But the authority of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and the Divinity of the Christian religion, shall be maintained inviolate; and no person known to hold contrary opinions, shall be admitted to any official station in the Institution.

Article 10. The great principles of the Christian religion, as opposed to war and human Slavery, shall be carefully inculcated in this School.

The School has been kept in session about nine months in

Poetry.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

TO BURNS'S HIGHLAND MARY.

O loved by him whom Scotland loves,
Long loved, and honored duly
By all who love the bard who sang
So sweetly and so truly!
In cultured dales his song prevails,
Thrills o'er the eagle's nery—
Ah! who that strain has caught, nor sighed
For Burns's "Highland Mary!"

I wandered on from hill to hill,
I feared nor wind nor weather;
For Burns beside me trode the more,
Beside me pressed the heather
I read his verse—his life—alas!
O'er that dark shades extended:
With thee at last, and him in thee,
My thoughts their wanderings ended.

His golden hours of youth were thine—
Those hours whose flight is fleetest;
Of all his songs to thee he gave
The freshest and the sweetest.
Ere ripe the fruit, one branch he brake,
All rich with bloom and blossom;
And shook its dews, its incense shook,
Above thy brow and bosom.

And when his Spring, alas, how soon!
Had been by care subverted,
His Summer, like a god repulsed,
Had from his gates departed;
Beneath the evening star, once more,
Star of his morn and even!
To thee his suppliant hands he spread,
And hailed his love "in heaven."

And if his spirit in "a waste
Of shame" too oft was squandered,
And if too oft his feet ill-starred
In ways erroneous wandered;
Yet still his spirit's spirit bathed
In purity eternal;
And all fair things through thee retained
For him their aspect vernal.

Nor less that tenderness remained
Thy favoring love implanted;
Compunctious pity, yearnings vague
For love to earth not granted;
Reserve with freedom, female grace
Well matched with manly vigor,
In songs where fancy twined her wreaths
Round judgment's stalwart rigor.

A mute but strong appeal was made
To him by feeblest creatures;
In his large heart had each a part
That part had found in Nature's.
The bewildered sheep, sagacious dog,
Old horse reduced and crazy,
The field-mouse by the plough upturned,
And violated daisy

In him there burned that passionate glow,
All Nature's soul and savor,
Which gives its hue to every flower,
To every fruit its flavor
[illegible] power [illegible]
That love of all things human,
Whereof the fiery centre is
The love man bears to woman

He sang the dignity of man,
Sang woman's grace and goodness;
Passed by the world's half-truths, her lies
Pierced through with lance-like shrewdness
Upon life's broad highways he stood,
And aped not Greek nor Roman;
But snatched from heaven Promethean fire
To glorify things common

He sang of youth, he sang of age,
Their joys, their griefs, their labors:
Felt with, not for, the people; hailed
All Scotland's sons his neighbors;
And therefore all repeat his verse—
Hot youth, or grey beard steady,
The boat-man on Loch Etive's wave,
The shepherd on Ben Ledi.

He sang from love of song; his name
Dunedin's cliff resounded:
He left her, faithful to a fame
On truth and nature founded.
He sought true fame, not loud acclaim;
Himself and Time he trusted;
For laurels crackling in the flame
His fine ear never lusted.

He loved, and reason had to love,
The illustrious land that bore him:
Where'er he went, like heaven's broad tent,
A star-bright Past hung o'er him.
Each isle had fenced a saint recluse,
Each tower a hero dying;
Down every mountain-gorge had rolled
The flood of foemen flying.

From age to age that land had paid
No alien throne submission.
For feudal faith had been her Law,
And freedom her Tradition.
Where frowned the rocks had freedom smiled,
Sung, mid the shrill wind's whistle—
So England prized her garden Rose,
But Scotland loved her Thistle.

The land thus pure from foreign foot,
Her growing powers thus centred
Around her heart, with other lands
The race historic entered.
Her struggling dawn, convulsed or bright,
Worked on through storms and troubles,
Whilst a heroic line of kings
Strove with heroic nobles.

Fair field alone the brave demand,
And Scotland ne'er had lost it:
And honest prove the hate and love
To objects meet adjusted.
Intelligible course was hers
By safety tried or danger:
The native was for native known—
The stranger known for stranger.

Honor in her a sphere had found,
Nobility a station,
The patriot's thought the task it sought,
And virtue—toleration.
Her will and way had ne'er been crossed
In fatal contradiction;
Nor loyalty to treason soured,
Nor faith abused with fiction.

Can song be mute where hearts are sound?
Weak doubts—away we fling them!
The land that breeds great men, great deeds
Should ne'er lack bards to sing them.
That vigor, sense, and mutual truth
Which baffled each invader,
Shall fill her marts, and feed her arts,
While peaceful olives shade her.

Honor to Scotland and to Burns!
In him she stands collected.
A thousand streams one river make—
Thus Genius, heaven-directed,
Conjoins all separate veins of power
In one great soul creation;
And blends a million men to make
The Poet of the nation.

Honor to Burns! and her who first
Let loose the abounding river
Of music from the Poet's heart,
Borne through all lands for ever!
How much to her mankind has owed
Of song's selectest treasures!
Unsweetened by her kiss, his lips
Had sung far other measures.

Be green for aye, green bank and brae
Around Montgomery's Castle!
Blow there, ye earliest flowers! and there,
Ye sweetened song-birds, nestle!
For there was ta'en that last farewell
In hope, indulged how blindly;
And there was given that long last gaze
"That dwelt" on him "sae kindly."

No word of thine recorded stands;
Few words that hour were spoken;
Two Bibles there were interchanged,
And some slight love-gift broken.
And there thy cold faint hands he pressed,
Thy head by dewdrops misted;
And kisses, ill-resisted first,
At last were unresisted.

Ah cease!—she died. He too is dead,
Of all her girlish graces
Perhaps one nameless lock remains:
The rest stern Time effaces—
Dust lost in dust. Not so: a bloom
Is hers that ne'er can wither;
And in that lay which lives for aye
The twain live on together.

Miscellany.

From The People.

THE ARISTOCRAT CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

What a miserable account would most of our Aristocrats and wealthy men have to give of themselves, if they were summoned to the bar of justice. Imagine them questioned by justice, and required to give truthful answers.

Justice.—What have you done for the welfare of your country? Have you ever *studied* the welfare of your country? Have you ever made the welfare of your country the object of your life? What have you done for the spread of knowledge? What have you done for the promotion of virtue? What have you done for the protection of the weak? What have you done for the security of the tempted? What have you done for the reformation of criminals? What have you done for the illumination of the deluded? What have you done for the promotion of health? What have you done for the protection of industry? Have you earned your own bread? Have you made your own clothes? Have you ploughed a single field? Have you laid a single drain? Have you built a single house? Have you reaped a single crop? Have you sought after knowledge for yourself? Have you set a sober, a chaste and a just example? Have you spent your time in detecting and abolishing bad laws, in amending corrupt institutions, in promoting education, in improving the plan of your towns and villages? Have you done anything for the promotion of cleanliness, temperance and chastity? If not, what *have* you done?

Aristocrat.—I have kept possession of the lands which my father left me. I have collected the rents, or employed a steward to collect them. In many instances I have raised the rents, and have made the lands which my father left me produce far more than he ever made them produce. I have carefully preserved the game on my estate; at least I have employed a number of stout and active men to preserve it. I have guarded the rivers, the pits and the ponds on my estate, and prevented my neighbors from catching the fish. I have stopped up a number of footpaths. I have also taken possession of some common lands, on which the poor formerly fed their asses, their geese, or their cows. I have prevented the famishing poor from gathering wild fruit on my estates. I have, to some extent, fenced in the moorlands and mountains, and prevented people from trespassing upon them. I have cautioned the sons and daughters of my servants against early marriages, and have forbidden their parents to entertain them in their houses if they venture to disregard my caution. I have warned the vicar and the curate not to preach against what they may think amiss in my conduct, or in the conduct of my family or friends, and I have induced the bishop of the diocese to rebuke and suspend one of them for expressing himself too freely in my presence. I have raised some beautiful horses, clever hunters, and frequently ridden on some of them. I have kept an excellent pack of hounds, and have built kennels for them superior to the houses of some of my tenants. I have carefully guarded the foxes in the neighborhood, and severely rebuked, and in some cases punished, parties, for venturing to injure or [illegible] I have spent several months every year in coursing, in fox-hunting, in shooting. I have blown away a good deal of gunpowder, and a good deal of shot. I have gambled a little, and lost some money. My object was to win, but in that I was disappointed. But I have made up my losses by raising my rents, and I am now perhaps as rich as I ever was. I have made some excellent feasts, but I have never invited the famishing to any of them. I have drunk a great deal of wine, and sometimes been rather intoxicated in consequence; but no one has ever found me sprawling in the street or wallowing in a ditch. I have paid great attention to my dress, and many a time changed my tailor because he failed to please me. I have preached a little against surplus population, and have been the father of some thirty or forty illegitimate children. I have subscribed occasionally to the cause of moral reform, and have found the moral reformers some work by seducing a number of females, and converting them from modest and industrious women, into miserable and desperate prostitutes. I have speculated occasionally in railways. Sometimes I have lost, and sometimes I have gained; but I cannot say that I ever consulted the interests of my countrymen or my kind. I served as a member of the House of Commons some years. I secured my election by bribery and persecution. I made a good job of my influence while I had it, for I secured some tolerable places for a number of my friends and relations. I never spoke much; but I always took care to vote on the side of law and order, and in opposition to any innovation in our political or ecclesiastical institutions. My father did a little in the slave trade, and held extensive plantations in the West Indies, and worked a number of negroes; but the laws being changed on those subjects, I have not been able to do anything in those lines of business myself. I did my best to keep up the corn laws as long as I could. They raised my income many thousands a year. They also tended to keep down the aspiring commercial classes. They also disabled the industrious millions from purchasing goods in the market. They thus brought down the price of the things we had to buy, and raised the prices of the things we had to sell. I have prosecuted several poachers. Some I have got transported: several I have got imprisoned: and one I got hung. The one that was hung was the father of a large family. I do not know what became of his widow and children; I never inquired. I have enlarged my house, and made it twice as commodious as it was in my father's time. I have also built an additional house in London, a splendid one: and I have furnished it very richly. I do not know anything good that I have done. No doubt I *have* done good; but I do not remember anything in particular. I believe my steward has given subscriptions occasionally; I do not know particularly what for. I am not acquainted with the state of the large towns. I never inquired after the healthfulness of particular districts. I have heard of the temperance cause, but I never did anything to help it forward. I think it might lessen the price of barley, and thus interfere with the prosperity of the farmer and the rents of the landlord, as well as diminish the revenues of the country. I favored the establishment of beershops. The measure answered well for the barley grower. I have heard of the taxes on knowledge, but I never did anything to obtain their repeal. They do not much interfere with the gratification of the rich. A shilling or two extra for a book, and a few pence more for a newspaper, are matters of little moment so far as we are concerned. And the spread of knowledge amongst the masses would probably endanger our privileges. I always considered that the poor were made to work for the rich, and not to read books, acquire knowledge, or take part in public affairs. I am lord lieutenant of the county, and commander of the yeomanry cavalry. I make it part of my study to keep the people quiet, and to maintain the authority of the government. I do not inquire whether government use their authority wisely or not; the laws must be obeyed whether good or bad; and the government must be supported, whatever its measures. Where there is no law there is no living. I have heard it said there is a great deal of poverty in the country, but I cannot say exactly how it happens. I suppose there has always been poverty in the country, and I suppose there always will be. The bishop says, 'The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them both.' He tells us that 'the Lord lifteth up and casteth down; that he appoints to every man his sphere; and that the poor we shall always have with us.' I have never considered what the poor are capable of learning, or what they are capable of doing, or what they are capable of becoming, or what they are capable of enjoying. I have endeavored to secure good matches for my daughters. I have married some of my younger sons to wealthy ladies. I have got my sons and sons-in-law commissions in the army, or places in the church, or situations under government. My income is about three hundred thousand a year. I cannot exactly say how it goes. I have some splendid carriages, some beautiful horses, some excellent dogs. I cannot say that the world is any better for anything I have done in it. I cannot say that I have done anything to lessen men's sufferings or to increase their enjoyments. I do not understand such questions. I have frequently injured my own health, not by any efforts to promote the welfare of others, but by over-indulgence at the table, and excesses in certain other ways. I cannot say that I can see much to boast of in my past life. I think it very probable that I have done the things which I ought not to have done, and left undone the things which I ought to have done. I am a firm believer, for anything I know, in the Athanasian creed. I trust in the merits of Christ: I have nothing else to trust in. If I had nothing to save me from hell but my own good works, I should be in a poor condition. But God is merciful: and though I have not dealt much in mercy myself towards my fellowmen, I hope God will deal mercifully with me. I dare say I have committed a great many sins, according to the common way of reckoning. I cannot exactly say what would have been my position in the world if it had not been for the corn laws and the like. I have always declaimed against popular movements, against democratic associations, and republican principles. I have often heard that republicanism works well in America: but it would make dreadful havoc with us in England. I expect to die soon. I cannot say whether the world will be anything the worse for my death. I am not aware that it is anything the better for my life. I have not thought much, as yet, about my future prospects. I am told that there is hope even in the eleventh hour. It would seriously interfere with my interests to hearken to conscience at present. The fittest time for repentance appears to me to be the hour of death, when you can lose nothing by becoming religious. I believe I have done a little towards encouraging the fine arts; at least I have bought several pictures, and I was told that I should be encouraging the arts by purchasing them. I have not much troubled myself by inquiring into matters for myself. I have generally contented myself with thinking as other people of rank think, and living as other people of rank are accustomed to live. I was born a lord. I was a ruler and legislator in virtue of my descent. I can say no more. Oh, I had forgot the wars. I never fought myself, but I encouraged others to fight. I did not subscribe any portion of my income to meet the expenses of the wars, but I assisted in the invention of many new taxes. I always rejoiced in the reverses of the democrats and revolutionists, and in the success of the armies of the allied monarchs. I have done my best in a private way to prevent the spread of democratic principles both at home and abroad. I cannot say that I have always conducted myself virtuously in foreign countries. A certain amount of license is always allowed to people of rank. I cannot say that I have always paid my tradesmen's bills. I have always paid the money that I have lost in gambling. I have never past a year without attending several races. I have never been a very great better. I have bet occasionally. I have not had any particular thoughts about spending the future better than the past. I believe the people generally dislike the nobility. I am not aware that they have any particular reason to esteem us or love us. I do not know what right they have to busy themselves about our doings. Their business is to obey the laws, to pay the taxes, to do the work of the country, and to leave us to dispose of its revenues, and manage its affairs; at least so I have been taught. I have often heard of a surplus produce, a surplus of woollen goods, a surplus of cotton goods, a surplus of hardware, &c. &c. I never had any hand myself in causing such a suplus. I never produced anything since I was born. I never produced so much as a grain of wheat myself; nor did I ever produce an article of clothing or furniture. I always regarded labor as something low and mean, as something quite discreditable for a man of rank. I have consumed my share of what *others* have produced; but I can say with a good conscience that I never produced anything *myself*. I challenge the universe to convict me of ever having done a single thing in the way of producing either food or clothing, or any useful article whatever. I have worn as good clothes for aught I know, and have eaten as good food, and have drunk as good wine, and have lived in as magnificent a house, and have used as splendid furniture, and have slept on as good a bed, and have ridden in as beautiful a carriage, as any man of rank in the country; and I have, in general, had as large an income as some of the best of our noble families. But I never took part in any kind of work, however useful, or lent a hand in the production of any article of food or clothing, or of any description of useful article whatever. I am as innocent of the crime of acting beneath the dignity of my station by taking any part in any description of useful or necessary labor, as mortal man can be. I can swear that.

Imagine our aristocrats thus summoned before the bar of eternal justice, and giving such an account of themselves as this. And are these the men that are to be allowed to rule us? Are these the men that are to be allowed to make our laws, to take our money, to manage our affairs. What are we about, that we do not at once unite and put an end to their hateful rule, and establish the reign of truth and righteousness in the land?—*Joseph Barker.*

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

SKETCH OF HIS HISTORY.

[Selected by the Literary World, from an article in the Eclectic Review.]

Thos. De Quincey is the Son of a Liverpool merchant. He is one of several children, the premature loss of one of whom he has, in his *Suspiria de Profundis*, published in *Blackwood*, most plaintively and eloquently deplored. His father seems to have died early. Guardians were appointed over him, with whom he contrived to quarrel, and from whose wing, while studying at Oxford, he fled to London. There he underwent a series of surprising adventures and severe sufferings, which he has recounted in the first part of his *Opium Confessions*. On one occasion, while on the point of death by starvation, his life was saved by the intervention of a poor street-stroller, of whom he afterwards lost sight, but whom, in the strong gratitude of his heart, he would pursue into the central darkness of a London brothel or into the deeper darkness of the grave. Part of the same dark period of his life was spent in Wales, where he subsisted now on the hospitality of the country people, and now, poor fellow, on hips and haws. He was at last found out by some of his friends and remanded to Oxford. There he formed an acquaintance with Christopher North, which has continued unimpaired to this hour. Both, besides the band of kindred genius, had that of profound admiration, then a rare feeling, for the poetry of Wordsworth. In the course of this part of his life he visited Ireland, and was introduced soon afterwards to Opium, fatal friend, treacherous ally, root of that tree, called wormwood, which had overshadowed all his after life. A blank here occurs in his history. We find him next in a small white cottage in Cumberland, married, studying Kant, drinking laudanum, and dreaming the most wild and wondrous dreams which ever crossed the brain of mortal. These dreams he recorded in the *London Magazine*, then a powerful periodical, conducted by John Scott, and supported by such men as Hazlitt, Reynolds, and Allan Cunningham. The *Confessions*, when published separately, ran like wildfire, although from their anonymous form they added nothing at the time to the author's fame. Not long after their publication, Mr. De Quincey came down to Scotland, where he has continued to reside, wandering from place to place, contributing to periodicals of all sorts and sizes, to *Blackwood*, *Tait*, *North British Review*, *Hogg's Weekly Instructor*, as well as writing for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and publishing one or two independent works, such as *Klosterheim*, a tale, and the *Logic of Political Economy*. His wife has been long dead. Three of his daughters, amiable and excellent persons, live in the sweet village of Lasswade, in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, and there he is, we believe at present, himself.

HIS OPIUM EATING.

We ought to estimate Mr. De Quincy's criminality with precision and justice; and, while granting that he used opium to excess, an excess seldom paralleled, we must take his own explanation of the circumstances which led him to begin its use, and of the effects it produced on him. He did not begin it to multiply or intensify his pleasures, still less to lash himself with its fiery thongs into a counterfeit inspiration, but to alleviate bodily pain. It became, gradually and reluctantly, a necessity of his life. Like the serpents around Laocoon, it confirmed its grasp, notwithstanding the wild tossings of his arms, the spasmodic resistance of every muscle, the loud shouts of protesting agony; and, when conquered, he lay like the overpowered Hatteraic in the cave, sullen, still in despair, breathing hard, but perfectly powerless. Its effects on him, too, were off a peculiar kind. They were not brutifying or blackguardizing. He was never intoxicated with the drug in his life; nay, he denies its power to intoxicate. Nor did it at all weaken his intellectual faculties, any more than it strengthened them. We have heard poor creatures consoling themselves for their inferiority by saying, "Coleridge would not have written so well but for opium." "No thanks to De Quincey for his subtlety, he owes it to opium." Let such persons swallow the drug, and try to write the *Suspiria* or the *Aids to Reflection*. Coleridge and De Quincey were great in spite of their habits. Nay, we believe that on truly great intellects stimulus produces little inspiration at all. Can opium think? can beer imagine? It is De Quincy in opium, not opium in De Quincy, that ponders and that writes. The stimulus is only the *occasional cause* which brings the internal power into play; it may sometimes dwarf the giant, but it can never really elevate the dwarf. The evil influences of opium on De Quincey were of a different, but a very pernicious sort; they weakened his will; they make him a colossal slave to a tiny tyrant; they shut him up (like the genii in the *Arabian Tales*) in a phial filled with a dusky fire; they spread a torpor over the energies of his body; they closed up or poisoned the natural sources of enjoyment; the air, the light, the sunshine, the breeze, the influences of spring, lost all charm and power over him. Instead of these, snow was welcomed with an unnatural joy, storm embraced as a brother, and the stern scenery of night arose like a desolate temple round his ruined spirit. If his heart was not utterly hardened, it was owing to its peculiar breadth and warmth. At last his studies were interrupted, his pence broken, his health impaired, and then came the noon of his night; a form of gigantic gloom, swaying an "ebon sceptre," which stood over him in triumph, and it seemed as if nothing less than a miraculous intervention could rescue the victim from his power. But the victim was not an ordinary one. Feeling that hell had come, and that death was at hand, he determined, by a mighty effort, to arise from his degradation. For a season his struggles were great and impotent, as those of the giants cast down by Jove under Etna. The mountain shook, the burden tottered, but the light did not at first appear. Nor has he ever, we suspect, completely emancipated himself from his bondage; but he has struggled manfully against it, and has cast off such a large portion of the burden that it were injustice not to say of him that he is now "free."

A GLANCE AT HIS LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS.

De Quincey's works, if collected, would certainly possess sufficient bulk; they lie scattered, in prodigal profusion, through the thousand and one volumes of our periodical literature; and we are certain that a selection of their better portions would fill ten admirable octavos. Mr. De Quincy himself was lately urged to collect them. His reply was, "Sir, the thing is absolutely, insuperably, and for ever impossible. Not the archangel Gabriel nor his multipotent adversary durst attempt any such thing!" We suspect, at least, that death must seal the lips of the "old man eloquent" ere such a selection shall be made. And yet in these unsounded abysses, what treasures might be found of criticism, of logic, of wit, of metaphysical acumen, of research, of burning eloquence, and essential poetry! We should meet there with admirable specimens of translation from Jean Paul Richter and Lessing; with a criticism on the former, quite equal to that more famous one of Carlyle's; with historical chapters, such as those in *Blackwood* on the Cæsars, worthy of Gibbon; with searching criticisms, such as the one on the knocking of Macbeth, and two series on Landor and Schlosser; with the elephantine humor of his lectures on "Murder, considered as one of the fine arts:" and with the deep theological insight of his papers on Christianity, considered as a means of social progress, and on the Essenes. In fact, De Quincey's knowledge of theology is equal to that of two bishops: in metaphysics, he could puzzle any German professor: in astronomy, he has outshone Professor Nichol: in chemistry he can outdive Samuel Brown: and in Greek, excite to jealousy the shades of Porson and Parr. There is another department in which he stands first, second, and third; we mean the serious hoax. Do our readers remember the German romance of Wallador, passed off at the Leipsic fair as one of Sir Walter Scott's, and afterwards translated into English? The translation, which was, in fact, a new work, was executed by De Quincy, who, finding the original dull, thought proper to re-write it; and thus, to charge trick upon trick. Or have they ever read his chapter in *Blackwood* for July, 1837, on the "Retreat of a Tartar Tribe?" a chapter certainly containing the most powerful historical painting we ever read, and recording a section of adventurous and romantic story not equalled, he says "since the retreat of the fallen angels." This chapter, we have good reason for knowing, originated principally in his own inventive brain. Add to this, the fiery eloquence of his *Confessions*, the labored speculation of his *Political Economy*, the curiously-perverted ingenuity of his *Klosterheim*, and the solemn, sustained, linked, and lyrical raptures of his *Suspiria*, and we have answered the question, What has he done? But another question is less easy to answer. What can he, or should he, or shall he, yet do? And here we venture to express a long cherished opinion.—Pure history, or that species of biography which merges into history, is his forte, and ought to have been his selected province. He never could have written a first-rate fiction or poem, or elaborated a complete or original system of philosophy, although both his imagination and his intellect are of a very high order. But he has every quality of the great historian, except compression; he has learning, insight, the power of reproducing the past, fancy to color, and wit to enliven his writing, and a style which, while it is unwieldy upon small subjects, rises to meet all great occasions, like a senator to salute a king. The only danger is, that if he were writing the history of the Crusades or Cæsars, for instance, his work would expand to the dimensions of the *Universal History*.

From The Home Journal.

THE FEMALE DOCTOR.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Laura Maria Catharine Bassi was born 29th October, 1711. Her parents and friends, remarking in her from the earliest age, a most ardent desire to learn, and a gravity much beyond her years, believed that by cultivating her mind by study they might develope some remarkable powers. Her rapid progress amply justified the hopes they had conceived. While she was yet very young, she easily acquired a knowledge of the Latin writers, so as to be able to appreciate their beauties. This proved of great advantage to her; for to write Italian with elegance and purity a most careful study of the Latin language is indispensable. In this way the value of the words which have in such large numbers been transplanted from it is estimated, and the majesty of the Latin tongue is imitated within the limits dictated by sound judgment. But as the loftiest genius is, by its very nature, bent upon the search for truth, which alone furnishes repose to the soul, Laura gave herself up to the study of philosophy, and therein discovered such charms, that to the end of her days it remained her favorite pursuit. The study of the laws of the universe, the observation of natural phenomena, everything which related to general and experimental physics, were for Laura the objects of indefatigable application. It would be difficult to paint the delight with which her friends and instructors observed so much wisdom in one yet in the budding of youth, and how ardently they desired that her merits should be crowned by public approbation. They conjured her to overcome her sex's bashfulness, alleging that, since she was endowed by superior genius, and the cultivation of her powers had obtained for her so distinguished a position, it became her to demonstrate, in a public disputation on philosophy, that women have a right as well as men to penetrate into the mysteries of knowledge. But Laura, whose natural disposition led her, above all things, to delight in a quiet and retired life, and who also feared she might be accused of pride by acting in a manner so contrary to the usages of her sex, replied, "I have devoted myself to study in order to find incentives to good actions and models to follow. I know that glory is a vain and fugitive thing, frequently denied to him who is most arduous in its pursuit. I never felt any ambition to become illustrious in the eyes of the world, and am nowise solicitous to furnish arms to envy, which is always ready to tear to pieces even the most worthy. Leave me to continue, unknown to the public, my delightful studies; and greatly will they profit me, if I can by their aid procure some gratification for my relatives, and deserve the esteem of the worthy." The will and prayers of her relatives at last triumphed over her modesty. On the 17th April, 1732, she furnished a brilliant proof of her acquirements, by replying to five of the most celebrated professors of the university of Bologna, who interrogated her on the most important philosophical subjects before a large assemblage of the principal personages of the city. The audience were at a loss which most to admire, her elegant enunciation of the most profound doctrines, or the modest reserve of her demeanor; and as a mark of the esteem and admiration she inspired, by the consent of all present it was determined to invest her solemnly with the degree of doctor of philosophy. The 12th May, when this prize of wisdom was conferred on Laura, was indeed a day of triumphant rejoicing for her friends. Accompanied by ladies of the highest nobility, Laura presented herself before the authorities of the university assembled to receive her, and having assumed the doctor's robe and a silver crown, thanked, with tears in her eyes, those to whose good opinion she felt herself indebted for so remarkable an honor. For several days the entire population celebrated with festivities an event which they regarded as adding to the glory of their town.

The favors which Laura had so deservedly received at the hands of the public were continued to her, undiminished, as long as she lived. Persons of note arriving at Bologna from foreign countries were at once conducted to her as being the person who could most advantageously represent Italian genius; men rendered eminent by their acquirements or dignities felt honored by her friendship; and foreigners, who were so sparing in their praises of her contemporaries, lauded her to the skies. All this failed to diminish the simplicity of her manners; her actions and language continued as gentle and benevolent as ever, and she always appeared anxious rather to conceal than exhibit her rare qualifications. Scarcely had she attained her twenty-first year, when the senate confided a professor's chair to her in the university; and her activity, her judgment and quickness, the luminous order in which she expounded the most difficult theories, and the gracefulness of her demeanor, placed her on a level with the most distinguished in the art of teaching. Students flocked from different countries to hear her, and on their return, celebrated her wisdom and excellence. The Church of Rome was at that period governed by Benedict XIV., a pontiff who proved to the world that the sanctity of religion may be cherished and venerated in the highest degree by one animated by the love of wisdom. In an academy founded by him at Bologna, and named after him the Benedictine, Laura held an appointment, and exacted the usual admiration of her auditors whenever she addressed them. She formed a valuable collection of philosophical instruments, and took great pleasure in making experiments, and in observing natural phenomena.

Those engaged in the pursuit of truth regard the cultivation of literature as an agreeable relaxation; and Laura considered such studies as not only useful, but necessary: and doubtless, had she been a stranger to them, she never could have expounded her theories so eloquently: for it is in vain that we may be endowed with a lofty and fertile understanding if we are ignorant of the art which teaches the expression of the thoughts with grace and dignity, and enables us to render the approaches to science both easy and agreeable. This art can never be acquired if the divine productions of poets and orators are neglected.

In the letters which Laura wrote to her friends, or to the most celebrated personages of her times, we nearly discern the care she took to attain a purity of style, and the great skill with which she expressed her noble thoughts. She made some attempts in poetry, and acquired enough of the Greek language to earn the praises of the erudite. Two treatises which she wrote on the laws of hydraulics and mechanical powers, and which are found in the "Memoirs of the Institute of Bologna," exhibit sufficiently her scientific acquirements: and it is to be regretted that she did not publish more of the results of her prolonged studies. From this she was in part deterred by that modesty which continued so remarkable in her, and in part by the cares of her family. Having married Dr. Veratti, she fulfilled admirably all the duties of wife, mother, and mistress of a household. Her twelve sons were brought up and educated by herself; and it was indeed as honorable to her as the distinguished renown she had gained, that she never forgot the obligations upon her as a woman and the labors of her sex, and that she never trusted her young children to mercenary hands. To compass her various duties, she guarded, above all things, against indolence—that mortal enemy to every good habit and worthy occupation: she only allowed herself sufficient sleep to recruit her powers, and abstained from all frivolous amusements. The constant and respectful affection of her husband and children amply repaid her. Even in advanced life, though of infirm health, she never abandoned her habitual labors—regarding inactivity of body and mind but as an anticipated and prolonged death; and only a few hours before Bologna had to deplore the loss of one of its brightest ornaments, she took part in a long and learned discussion at the Benedictine Academy. She died 20th Februrary, 1778; and although somewhat advanced in years, every one felt that her career had been too short. The ladies of the city erected a monument to her memory.

From the (London) Inquirer.

THE DEATH OF WORDSWORTH.

We turn aside from the turbid stream of politics to notice an event which must arrest the attention of all who look beyond the present moment, far more forcibly than any of the noisy movements of our public life. The earthly career of one of the greatest and purest spirits, by whose labors the moral elevation of mankind has been promoted is at an end.—William Wordsworth is no more. He is gone, not prematurely, but full of years and honors, after having fulfilled, with unswerving fidelity, a mission as noble as any that was ever entrusted to genius.—This is not the time to speak critically of his poetic merits, or to attempt to settle his rank amongst the master minds who have wielded influence over their fellow men. In the immediate presence of death we we must feel that the ground on which we tread is sacred. The event, indeed, is only the passing out of existence of a frail mortal like ourselves; but when we remember how the life of that mortal was ennobled, and illustrated, and clothed with a beauty which will not die, by a true Christian inspiration, and a religious discharge of duty, all other feelings give way to those of reverence. We neither pay worship to a hero, nor devotion to a saint, but honor to a faithful servant of God, who having conferred upon us eminent spiritual obligations, has, at length, closed his labors, and passed into that purer region which was so long the home of his aspirations and his hopes.

Criticism at such a time would be unsuitable, but it may not be unfitting to notice very briefly the character of the moral and social change which Wordsworth contributed to promote, and the nature of the lesson which his example suggests to all those to whom the sacred gift of genius is entrusted. The eighteenth century, as we now look back upon it, was a dark age, darker in spite of its boasted enlightenment, than either of the two which went before it. It was an age of material philosophy, dry verbal controversy, small literary vanities, and Epicurian enjoyment. The higher purposes of man's being, if not formally disclaimed, were, by the most educated classes, practically forgotten. Religion, morals, poetry,—all those influences which should raise the mind by fixing it on the realities of the unseen world, were of the earth, earthy. There were, indeed, as there always will be, tendencies to a better state of things working at the same time, though, in a great measure, under the surface; but it was not until the commencement of the present century that a new and decisive impulse was given to thought in the region of poetry and philosophy by the joint labors of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The former never possessed that extraordinary insight into the depths of the human soul, which his less happy friend derived from a melancholy personal experience; but he lived and moved under an abiding sense of the Divine presence, and under the perpetual guidance of a feeling of duty, and his poetry, as it worked its way slowly and silently, did the work of a spiritual philosophy in leading the more reflective of his contemporaries, to see, in their full importance, the great truths of freedom, responsibility, immortality, and the incessant agency of a Supreme Power. That work of reawakening an admiration for natural beauty, and a sympathy with pure and simple household affections, for which so much was done by Cowper and Burns, was carried forward by Wordsworth, it may be said with more systematic purpose, and more conspicuous effort. Never before was the love of rural scenery raised into so close a union with religious worship,—and never since the preaching of the Gospel itself was there a more glorious light shed upon the kindred relations which subsist between 'Heaven and Home.' The glances which Wordsworth cast into the social and political movements of his time were such as might have been expected from that serene atmosphere in which he habitually stood. Errors as to details might now and then have concurred with his clear perception of essential principles; but his whole tone of political thought was precisely of that wholesome remedial kind which the age required; and both for us and for those who are to succeed us, his Sonnets and his 'Excursion,' must long be storehouses of the most precious wisdom.

We will only add, that Wordsworth set a rare example of being faithful to his genius. Regarding it as a precious trust, he did not waste it upon any common purpose. His life-long diligence was applied to the setting forth of those forms of truth and and beauty which he believed most fit to purify and elevate the human soul. From first to last, he made no concessions to temporary fashion. In spite of manifold temptations, he refused to offer one grain of incense at the altar of popularity. With a calm and beautiful self-possession, he went on developing his own highest conceptions in the mode which he believed to be the most perfect; and the ordeal of ungenial criticism and shallow ridicule through which he had to pass, scarcely left a trace of its influence behind. If Wordsworth had adapted himself to the prevailing taste, he might have become in early life the idol of drawing rooms: and his Poems would have yeilded both popularity and profit. He chose the better part. The fit audience, though few, with whom he was content to begin, has become as wide as the world; and as long as his mother-tongue continues to be spoken, his name will be remembered with grateful affection by hearts whose struggles he has aided, or whose sorrows he has consoled.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

According to current report the poet Tennyson will be elevated to the laureateship.

——Among the passengers by the Avon steamer, from the West Indies, is a negro physician, who visits England to submit to the Government a plan, founded on scientific experiments, to supersede steam as a propelling power.

——Broker.—This term was originally applied to those whose business it was to break large packages, and sell their contents by the piece or less quantity; it afterwards came to designate an agent employed by both buyer and seller, and is thus defined by the learned Trollope—"He is one who steppeth in between two men making a bargain, and plundereth both."

——The German papers state that at Marienwerder a woman has been sentenced to be broken on the wheel for the murder of her step-daughter, a child five years of age.

——The *Athenæum* says: "Mr. C. Kean is said to have secured for his theatre a new play written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton."

——Penn and Macaulay.—A friend told me lately, that the reason why Macaulay chose, in his History of England, to abuse the great philanthropist Penn, was, that some Quakers had vexed him dreadfully by voting against him at the Edinburgh election. One thing appears to be certain, that if this was *not* Macaulay's reason for attempting to blacken Penn, he must have had some worse, some more discreditable reason. Some think that the reason why Macaulay has abused Penn is, that he is incapable of understanding and appreciating the higher kinds of moral excellence: that though he can appreciate a worldly soul, he cannot appreciate a truly spiritual, disinterested, god-like soul.

Others think that Macaulay hated Penn on account of the ultra character of his liberalism. Penn was a democrat—a republican in fact. His influence had no small part in preparing the Americans for republican institutions. Macaulay is a whig; and whigs hate republicanism.

It is hard, however, to say exactly, by what motives Macaulay was actuated. One thing however is certain,—that the manner in which he has treated Penn—the gross and shameless injustice which he has done that great and god-like philanthropist, has compelled numbers to believe, that he must be either an exceedingly little-minded, or a grievously crooked and corrupt-minded man.—*The People.*

——Sidney Smith on the Past and Present.—It is of some importance at what period a man is born. A young man, alive at this period, hardly knows to what improvements of human life he has been introduced: and I would bring before his notice the following eighteen changes, which have taken place in England since I began to breathe the breath of life—a period amounting now to nearly seventy years. Gas was unknown; I groped my way about the streets of London, in all but the utter darkness of a twinkling oil lamp, under the protection of watchmen, in their climacteric, and exposed to every species of insult. I have been nine hours in sailing from Dover to Calais, before the invention of steam. It took me nine hours to go from Taunton to Bath, and now I can go in six hours from Taunton to London! In going from Taunton to Bath, I suffered between 10,000 and 12,000 severe contusions, before stone-breaking Macadam was born. I paid £15 in a single year for repairs of carriage-springs, on the pavement of London; and now I glide, without noise or fracture, on wooden pavements.—I can walk, by the assistance of the Police, from one end of London to the other, without molestation; or, if tired, get into a cheap and active cab, instead of those cottages on wheels, which the hackney-coaches were at the beginning of my life. I had no umbrella. They were little used, and very dear.—There were no water-proof hats, and *my* hat has often been reduced, by rains, to its primitive pulp.—I could not keep my small-clothes in their proper place, for braces were unknown.—If I had the gout, there was no colchicum.—If I was bilious, there was no calomel.—If I was attacked by ague, there was no quinine.—There were filthy coffee-houses, instead of elegant clubs.—Game could not be bought.—Quarrels about uncommuted tithes were endless.—The corruption of Parliament, before reform, infamous.—There were no banks to receive the savings of the poor.—The poor-laws were gradually sapping the vitals of the country.—Whatever miseries I suffered, I had no post, to whisk my complaints, for a single penny, to the remotest corners of the empire.—And yet, in spite of all these privations, I lived on quietly, and am now ashamed that I was not more discontented, and utterly surprised that all these changes and inventions did not occur two centuries ago.—I forgot to add, that as the basket of stage-coaches, in which luggage was then carried, had no springs, your clothes were rubbed to pieces, and that, even in the best society, one-third of the gentlemen at least, were always drunk.—*Ibid.*

——Reminiscences of Lord Brougham.—The first time I saw or heard Lord Brougham was long before he was a member for Yorkshire, and when he wore a stuff gown as a proof of his professional martyrdom, and the rancor of Lord Eld